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NOTES.

OPERATIONS on the Indian frontier have slackened during the week. The final discomfiture of the two Mullahs and the destruction of Jarobi, the Hadda Mullah's village, has taken the heart out of the Momands and they are now ready to submit. There still remain the Orakzais and the Afridis, but they too appear to have been discouraged by the heavy punishment of the other tribesmen, and more especially by the convincing proof the Ameer has given them that he in no way countenances their action. Both these tribes have been deluded into the idea that the Ameer would help them with arms and ammunition. But their deputations to Cabul have been turned back at Jalalabad, and they are at last convinced that no help is to be expected from that quarter. Indeed, the Ameer is very angry with the tribesmen for closing the Khyber Pass. The stoppage of the caravans has touched him in a sensitive part, his pocket. Meanwhile it is necessary that the Afridis and the Orakzais should receive a sharp lesson like the rest. And afterwards? The military operations are the least difficult part of the whole business. When we have taught the tribesmen the value of Lee-Metford bullets as instruments of correction and the impossibility of dodging a Maxim gun, it remains for us to persuade ourselves that we have left behind us in the hills a great legacy of love.

If anything were needed to show the utter demoralization of the Liberal party, it has been provided by the three politicians who have opened the campaign of speechifying during the week. Mr. Morley ranged over the whole earth in search of an indictment of the present Administration. The spectacle of the political philosopher gravely addressing the inhabitants of Arbroath on the iniquity of allowing Greece to be beaten by Turkey was one to make the man who is no politician smile. Neither Mr. Morley, nor Mr. George Russell at Bedford, was kind enough to tell us what else could have been done. We are none of us precisely proud of what has happened in the East; but as no one has ventured to suggest that we ought to have gone to war for the sake of Greece, the talk of Mr. Morley and Mr. Russell may be set down as the vaporous talk of politicians who are not burdened by the responsibilities of office. As for Mr. Asquith, it is really time he gave up whining about the Workmen's Accidents Act. In East Fife he was at it again, complaining in reality that the Conservatives had passed a better Bill than the Liberals would ever have dared to introduce. His contribution to a platform for the Liberal party was the statement that the Liberals believed in progress. This is a little vague as a policy on which to appeal to the country.

There is a story that Mr. Morley changed the date of his meetings in order to be ahead of Mr. Asquith, who had chosen a date prior to that which Mr. Morley had originally fixed. We know nothing of the truth of this, but if it is not true it ought to be. Nothing could have been more characteristic of the member for the Montrose Burghs. No one was ever more vigilant in the choice of occasions. His career is marked by the selection of times for his speeches when he has had to make some announcement of policy, or break some long political silence, or express himself on some stirring national event. He is resolute in throwing overboard all unnecessary accessories, inflexible in the sacrifice of everything he believes is not essential to the central permanent principle of a cause. He lost Newcastle because he miscalculated his strength there, and the local party managers allowed the ground to be honeycombed under his feet. Engaged at the Irish Office during a great portion of his time, he had little opportunity of keeping himself before a constituency of over 30,000 electors.

There were many ties by which Mr. Morley could have bound his constituents to him—the literary tie which would have made his hold sure and permanent upon a class that is proverbially uncertain in party politics, and the purely social tie which would have held still larger numbers. But he cultivated neither. His hands were full; he disdained the meaner arts of electioneering. The political tie which alone he cultivated, and that, perhaps, once a year in a hall capable of holding only a tenth of the constituency, dissolved by neglect. This was a great miscalculation of forces and of chances, and one which Mr. Morley, judging by his general outlook and character, should have been the last to make. His Scotch constituency, scattered as it is over half a dozen little burghs, will not allow him to forget them. They will have a speech each, if they die for it, and as many free copies of current Bills as they can squeeze from him.

A few days before the last Conservative Administration went out of office, in August 1892, Sir James Fergusson, then Postmaster-General, hurriedly signed the heads of an agreement between the Post Office and the National Telephone Company, whereby the latter body, in exchange for trifling concessions, obtained certain very substantial advantages. Curiously enough, Sir James Fergusson is now one of the Directors of the National Telephone Company—an enormously over-capitalized undertaking, which at the present time is benefiting largely by the agreement. We do not suggest that there is any connexion between the two facts, but we do regret that Sir James Fergusson did not perceive the unwise of giving a handle to his enemies by becoming a director of a concern which, rightly or

wrongly, he is said to have treated with exceptional generosity during his term of office at St. Martin's-le-Grand.

It can scarcely be called an honour to be a director of the National Telephone Company, for, thanks to this gigantic monopoly, which has grown up under the sheltering wing of the Post Office, England has the worst and the dearest telephone system in the world. No wonder the provincial towns are complaining bitterly of the inadequate service. London is no better off; but unless the policy of the Post Office is changed there is little hope of an improvement. The Postmaster-General still possesses the right to issue licences to other persons and to establish telephone exchanges himself, but at present the Post Office will neither compete with the Company nor allow municipalities to do so.

We are not accustomed to rely implicitly upon the accuracy of the information furnished by the "Times," but a visit of the Duke of York to the principal Colonies was so eminently the fitting thing, after the festivities of the Jubilee and his tour in Ireland, that we accepted the statement of our contemporary on Friday last without reserve. It appears—strange portent!—that it is the "Daily Telegraph" to which we must look for accurate information on such matters, since on Saturday morning that journal gave an authoritative denial to the report. Oddly enough, too, the great personages concerned did not think it worth while to inform the "Times" of its mistake, and so on Saturday it had a long leader congratulating the Duke of York on his projected voyage. The "Times" inserted the official contradiction on Monday, but it has not yet withdrawn its congratulations. For our part we take this, the first, opportunity of withdrawing ours, and of apologizing for assuming that the Duke of York was going to do exactly the right thing at the right moment.

The result of the by-election in Denbighshire has proved the political surprise of the Recess. The Liberal candidate, Mr. Moss, has been returned by a majority of over two thousand three hundred, the largest ever polled in a constituency remarkable for great Liberal majorities. Sir George Osborne Morgan, who represented the division for thirty years, had in 1895 a majority of a little less than eighteen hundred. Everybody anticipated that Mr. Moss's majority would be smaller. It is, on the contrary, larger by more than five hundred. Mr. Kenyon polled some two hundred and fifty fewer than the Tory candidate on last occasion, and Mr. Moss about the same number more than his predecessor in the representation. It is admitted that the personal bias was all on the side of Mr. Kenyon, in so far as he was better known and occupied a more influential position in the constituency. The result must be taken as a reproof to Mr. Kenyon for his suspicious conversion to the legal eight-hours day, and as a warning to candidates that constituencies are growing sick of this paltering with personal convictions in order to catch votes.

In Church quarters it is hinted not obscurely that the Bishop of St. Asaph is responsible in great part for the result of the Denbigh election. That militant prelate has made himself thoroughly unpopular; the arrears of diocesan work are accumulating, and clergy and laity grumbling, while his lordship is letting off fireworks and preserving the Establishment. Nor is he the only bishop who is cordially disliked by Churchmen and clergy alike.

Three candidates are in the field for the representation of Barnsley, the Independent Labour party having chosen Mr. Pete Curran. Some idea of the relations between the politics of the Liberal candidate, Mr. Walton, and the "Labour candidate" so called, may be gathered from a manifesto signed by Mr. Pickard, M.P. "You should vote for Mr. Walton," says Mr. Pickard to his followers, "because he is as good, if not a better, Radical and Socialist than any man in the Independent Labour party." Whether this testimony will help Radicals who are not Socialists to vote for Mr. Walton

is another matter. The Liberal majority in Barnsley, it may be stated, has never been smaller than 2,167, and it has been as high as 3,983.

The Greek Chamber having declined to pass a vote of confidence in the Government, M. Ralli has resigned. This would be a piece of good news if there were any politician in Athens who would be an improvement on the blatant and reckless demagogue. But there is not. In the meantime the treaty of peace does not look like getting itself passed with any great rapidity. Article 2, decreeing the indemnity and the international control of Greek finances, is too bitter a pill for the deputies to swallow at the first attempt, and there is neither jam nor gilding that can make it palatable. However it will have to be swallowed sooner or later. The alternative is the appearance of the Turkish army on the heights above Athens. One can only speak to the Greeks as to a naughty boy, and tell him that after all he has brought it on himself and the medicine will do him good. Foreign control of the revenues will be the next best thing to a tyrant for the Greek nation. If they could be governed with a firm hand, they might still, perhaps, recover a faint reflection of their ancient glory.

There seems at last to be some prospect that a conference between the masters and the men in the engineering dispute will be arranged. The Secretary of the Engineers' Society, after an interview with Mr. Ritchie at the Board of Trade on Thursday, stated that the latter had proposed a basis for the settlement of the dispute, and that this had been accepted on behalf of the men. It is only fair to the engineers to say that they have from the commencement been ready to meet the employers for the purpose of discussing the questions at issue. But the employers have always declined to meet the men. They have declared that they will be content with nothing except absolute victory. Now, however, the attitude of the federation of allied trades, which has declared in favour of the eight-hours day, but has hesitated to throw in its lot with the engineers, has visibly changed; and it is probable that, rather than precipitate a general conflict, which would work irretrievable harm to the whole engineering industry, the employers may accept Mr. Ritchie's invitation to a conference. Once the employers have formulated their conditions and abandon their attitude of general defiance, discussion will be possible and a compromise can be arranged. Probably a week of fifty-one hours will form the basis of the agreement.

The selection of the new Spanish Ministry will be of no small importance with regard to the settling of affairs in the Colonies. Señor Sagasta, the Liberal leader, seems fully aware that no advantage can accrue to his country by a conflict with the United States, and believes in the concession of autonomy as the sole remedy for Cuba. The resignation of General Azcaraga's Ministry leads to the inference that Spanish politicians in general now admit the necessity of this solution. It is certainly the policy advocated by the Vatican, which for the time being is Spain's chief counsellor. The excommunication of the Minister for Finance need not have led to any one's resignation. The Pope, in virtue of the power vested in him as judge beyond whom there is no appeal, might have simply removed the ecclesiastical censure, and there would have been an end of the matter. The fact that he did not do so, or that he did not seek a reconciliation between Minister and Bishop, shows that there were other schemes behind. An occasion apparently was wanted for changing Ministries, with a view to changing policies.

The Maidstone epidemic, lamentable and disastrous as it is now, might have attained enormous dimensions a few decades ago. The history of typhoid is known with great accuracy, and as soon as it was realized that an epidemic existed the local authorities, with the aid of a Government official, set to work to trace the cases backwards to their immediate cause. Typhoid, like scarlet-fever, very frequently becomes epidemic through being spread with the milk supply; but at Maidstone the dis-

tribution of the cases pointed to infection of the water-supply. Typhoid germs live, and probably multiply, in water that contains an excess of organic matter, and the first step taken was to shut off the polluted supply. Fortunately at Maidstone there are several sources of water, and the contamination is not general, so that there is no danger of the addition of a water famine to the troubles of the town. With proper isolation of existing cases, and suppression of the source of infection, it is extremely probable that the epidemic will be rapidly conquered. An attempt has been made to throw the blame on the hoppers, it being suggested that the disease was brought into the district by them. This, however, is quite a minor matter. Sporadic cases of typhoid are practically always with us, and the blame for an epidemic lies not with an unfortunate migrating patient, but with the authorities who allow their water supply to be within reach of typhoid infection. It may be impossible to have a water-supply quite free from surface drainage; but if there is the slightest chance of drainage reaching it, frequent and regular bacteriological examination must be made.

The "Daily Chronicle" tries to make capital for Dissent out of the undoubted predominance in the Church of England of the High Church party at the present moment. But the High Church party of to-day is not that of Tractarianism, nor that of Ritualism either: it is a very much saner and wider thing. The truth is that the Broad Church school—a party it never was—has become absorbed into High Churchism, and has speedily leavened the whole lump. Dr. Llewelyn Davies' paper at the Church Congress makes that perfectly clear.

The Archbishop of Canterbury told the working men at Nottingham that he had known what it was to want food and fire, and—what he felt more than either—to wear patched clothes. He could thresh as well as any of them and drive as straight a furrow as the best. We wonder what was the proportion of real workmen at this meeting? These gatherings are generally crowded, but the method of distributing the tickets is so absurd that they are only "working-men's" meetings in name.

The Chairman of the London School Board, the Marquess of Londonderry, bade farewell to the members of the Board on Thursday in an address which essayed a statement of the progress of education during the reign of Her Majesty. Lord Londonderry was not known as an educationalist when he became Chairman two years ago. But he has made an excellent head of the London Board; impartial, tactful, and possessed of much knowledge of men and affairs. His address brings out more prominently than we have elsewhere seen the modernity of our education system, and the greatness of the work done by the London Board. It is commonly forgotten that the London School Board was, so to say, an afterthought. Mr. Forster's original proposals contained no provision for a central body to control the educational interests of the metropolis, and Mr. Forster himself was opposed to the alteration of his plan. The amendment, which resulted in the creation of the London Board, was only carried by five in a thin House.

Sir Edward Fry's Commission to inquire into the working of the Irish Land Acts has only sat for a week, but already all the interest has gone out of it. Those who imagined like Mr. Morley that it was intended to "intimidate" the Land Courts into giving decisions favourable to the landlords have been disappointed, for nothing could be more ideally judicial and businesslike than the attitude of the Chief Commissioner and his colleagues. Sir Edward Fry poses as a traveller in an unknown land seeking for information; but if counsel or witness attempts to play upon this presumed ignorance, he soon finds that Sir Edward knows a great deal more of the subject than is convenient. Mr. Traill as a landlord, and Mr. Fetterell as a tenant's advocate, are of course avowed experts, and the Commission will do its work creditably; but it will all lead to nothing. For better or for worse, Mr. Gladstone's Act of 1881 started us on a course from which there is no going back. Rent-

fixing by peripatetic Commissioners who can only devote about half an hour to decide the rental value of a farm is an absurdity; but by the accident of the inauguration of the system being concurrent with the fall in prices it has acted as a gigantic rent-reducing machine, and could not be stopped without danger of a revolution. The landlords are reduced to the position of "a mortgagee with a bad security," and the wisest of them only pray for a hastening of the process of purchase by which their mortgage will be paid off in the shortest possible time.

The 1798 Centenary in Ireland threatens to prove a fiasco. The half-dozen factions who are making the country ridiculous cannot unite even for the celebration of the events of a century ago. And all the while the Bishops and higher clergy are silently but solidly hostile, for they cannot forget that the '98 movement was first of all revolutionary and anti-clerical. This is a great pity, for the leaders of the United Irishmen were, after all, a creditable and capable body of men, whose memory is worth celebrating. The country was undoubtedly suffering at that time under a corrupt and unintelligent tyranny, and those who took the risks of an open insurrection had, at any rate, the courage of their opinions. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, Arthur O'Connor and Hamilton Rowan were men of character and resolution, of whom any country might be proud, and Wolfe Tone came very near to being a great man. When an ex-Prime Minister and a Unionist Duke can join in celebrating William Wallace and the Queen can avow her Jacobite sympathies, there is surely no reason why Irishmen of all classes and parties should "fear to speak of '98."

The Nile campaign having come to a standstill, pending the completion of the Abu Hamed railway, attention is directed to the situation at Kassala, which has become urgent owing to the reiterated demands of the Italian Government to be relieved of that burdensome post. The papers still keep talking of an Italian "cession" of Kassala to England; but there has never been a question of that. By the Dufferin-Rudini Treaty of 15 April, 1891, Italy received permission to occupy Kassala, "if obliged to do so by the necessities of the military situation"; but it was expressly provided that the "temporary military occupation" should not abrogate the sovereign rights of the Egyptian Government, which rights were simply to remain in suspense "until the Egyptian Government shall be in a position to reoccupy the district in question." Italy has long been sick of her bargain, and as the withdrawal of the Italian troops would probably mean the prompt occupation of the place by Osman Digna, steps have to be taken for providing an Egyptian or Indian garrison.

Colonel Parsons, Governor of Suakin, has gone to Massowah to report on this point, for it is doubtless by way of that post that Kassala will be relieved. All talk under present conditions of an advance on Kassala from Berber or from Suakin is very wide of the mark, as such advance would be through a difficult and hostile country, whereas the road from Massowah to Kassala has been in regular use by Italian troops for years past, and presents no serious difficulties. It was reported on by Captain Speedy in 1884, when the unhappy Gladstone Government was trying to make up its mind to save the Kassala garrison from massacre. Two regiments of Punjab Infantry and one of Bengal Lancers, with a battery of mountain guns, were the force then suggested, and these, said Captain Speedy, could be got through from Massowah to Kassala in fourteen days. Needless to say, the force was not sent, and the loyal Mudir and his men were massacred by the Mahdists, but the Massowah road still remains the best way of reaching the upper Atbara valley; indeed, it was at one time spoken of as an alternative route to Khartoum itself.

The Emperor William would seem to be seeking a reconciliation with Prince Bismarck. The recent developments in European politics have possibly made him realize that after all a policy distinguished by jaunts through European capitals and an attitude of

absurd bombast is at best a poor substitute for the statesmanship and acute diplomacy which made Germany a Power to be feared when Prince Bismarck was Chancellor. So a new armed cruiser, one of the nuclei of the great German navy of the future, has been named after the ex-Chancellor, and the Emperor has sent him one of those telegrams of which he is so fond. But Prince Bismarck is too deeply wounded ever to forgive completely the ruler who dismissed him because he wanted to have an Empire to play with all to himself, unchecked by wiser counsels. His reply to the Emperor's effusive message is restrained and dignified, and does no more than say merely "Thank you!"

There is another hitch over the Behring Sea seal question. Lord Salisbury has refused to acquiesce in the suggestion that Russia and Japan should be represented at the proposed Conference, on the ground that so far as the Pribyloff group is concerned these nations have no *locus standi*. Russia certainly has not, for the seals of the Commander Islands, on the other side of the Behring Sea, never mingle with those on the American islands. But since the Pribyloff animals in the course of their long swimming pass close to the east coast of Japan, and are hunted by sealers fitted out at Japanese ports, this fact might seem to give that country some ground for claiming to be represented; but in any case it would be shadowy. If the Conference were called to deal generally with means for the preservation of seal life in the North Pacific, it would be another matter. But Great Britain, the United States and Canada are alone concerned directly with the Pribyloff seals, whose extinction, according to the American alarmists, is imminent. At the same time, there could be no valid objection to the presence of both Russian and Japanese representatives as spectators.

Last month there appeared in the "Times" an alarmist article declaring that the Parthenon is doomed unless immediate steps are taken to repair the most damaged portions and to protect the whole structure by a roof. Now Professor Doerpfeld writes, ostensibly to remove the unpleasant impression made throughout Europe by the article, but really admitting the truth of its statements. He is a member of the Committee appointed by the Greek Government to superintend the repairs which were commenced last winter, and he admits that the condition of the structure is far from satisfactory, and in some portions even dangerous. Only immediate action can preserve the great monument of ancient Greece. But the war has stopped the operations which were commenced last year, and there are no more funds. Incidentally the matter has provided a justification for the action of Lord Elgin in removing certain portions of the great frieze, and Professor Doerpfeld endorses the suggestion that the remaining portions should be removed to a museum where they would be secure from the process of disintegration by the weather, which is gradually destroying them. It is a pity that the whole of the Parthenon and the other monuments on the Acropolis cannot be removed to some other place. So long as they remain there in the sight of all the Athenians, so long will the Greeks be deluded with the idea that they are a great nation. Moreover, there would then be no reason why the Athenians should not indulge their propensity for making the slopes of the Acropolis into a vast "fosse."

It is plain that Dr. Gott is not a success as Bishop of Truro. Cornwall is a difficult diocese, and even Dr. Wilkinson was not an ideal chief pastor. The temperament of the Cornish people is peculiar, and their bishop should be a many-sided, warm-hearted man, with the power of speech, who understands the folk with whom he has to do. Dr. Benson, though he came from outside, did understand the Cornish; and perhaps this was the most striking example of his great power of adaptability, which issued in his never making a failure. The present Bishop of Truro is only acceptable to a small section of extreme High Churchmen. "The two last bishops," lately said a leading Cornish Dissenter, "were Christians and gentlemen. The present one is neither!"

WHAT THE TURK INTENDS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THERAPIA, 26 September, 1897.

ALTHOUGH the preliminaries of peace as settled by the Turkish and Greek representatives, there is a very general feeling in Constantinople that we have not yet reached the end of our troubles. Yesterday one of the most prominent of the foreign Ambassadors here informed me that he had grave doubts whether the Greeks had any serious intention of paying the indemnity, and still graver doubts as to their ability to raise the money. As for the Turks, much as they need the money, I think they would prefer to retain Thessaly rather than to receive four million liras; and though the Sultan is loyally prepared to carry out his Treaty obligations, he and his Ministers are by no means sanguine that United Europe will be able to help Greece financially unless the proposed control is very stringent and not merely nominal. An ex-Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs this morning said to me:—"I do not think we shall be more successful with regard to the financial clauses of this Treaty than we were with those subscribed by the Great Powers in the Treaty of Berlin. In 1878 it was laid down that Montenegro, Bulgaria and Servia were to bear their fair share of the Ottoman Debt, this share to be on an equitable basis and to be decided by the representatives of the Great Powers at Constantinople. In 1881, when we ceded Thessaly to Greece, the same formula was observed. Nineteen years have elapsed, yet, in spite of the repeated representations of the Porte, the Powers have declined to move in the matter. What grounds have we for hoping that they will be more willing to aid us now? As regards the ex-territorial privileges claimed by the Greeks, so strongly supported by your Ambassador, we of course are of opinion that neither Greece, Servia, nor Bulgaria, with whom no capitulations exist, has any right to such privileges. In fact, there is a very general feeling in the Council of Ministers that the time has arrived when these privileges should be very materially modified. We are quite willing to concede the subjects of the six Great Powers those legal advantages you now derive from your Consular Courts, but we fail to see why now at the close of the nineteenth century all foreigners resident in the Ottoman Empire should be free from all taxation. We are weary of the cry 'No representation no taxation.' Are foreign residents in Germany, France, or England exempt from rates and taxes, and do they enjoy representation? Is a German hotel-keeper or a French wine merchant carrying on his business in London free not merely from state but also local taxation? Does he not pay for his licence, his parochial rates, &c. &c.? Has he a vote? Yet here the foreigner pays nothing. Again, in European countries stringent laws exist as to the nationality of the descendants of foreigners who invariably in the third, in some cases in the second, generation are compelled to undergo military service and to adopt the nationality of the country of their birth. So also British-born subjects naturalized in a foreign country resume their own nationality on returning to their native shores; but here a Turkish subject—say an Armenian, who assumes British or American or French nationality when he comes to Constantinople—inevitably enjoys foreign protection as if he were a foreign born subject. You may rely on it this question will soon be ripe for discussion. Already we have sounded and obtained the support of two of the Great Powers; two are doubtful; whilst Great Britain and Austria are opposed to waiving the Capitulations. But the modifications of these manifestly one-sided treaties is essential from a financial point of view, and we can see no justice in the present state of things. There are in Constantinople close on 100,000 foreigners enjoying Consular protection and its consequent immunity from taxation. Many of these—take your own countrymen for example—could not trace their English descent, others have so married and intermarried with Greeks that Greek is their natural language. Many thousands cannot speak a word of English, or of any tongue spoken by the subjects of your Queen, yet they are furnished with Consular

passes. In the Balkan States which we ceded under the Treaty of Berlin, in Greece, Servia and Roumania, all once integral portions of the Ottoman Empire, the Great Powers have allowed the Capitulations to fall into desuetude. Foreigners are taxed in the same manner as natural-born subjects, and very considerable latitude has been allowed in the matter of the Customs tariffs, more especially with regard to the question of 'Accises,' or increased local import dues to meet local improvements. Here all such means of making harbours, quays, &c., are forbidden."

The words of this statesman were re-echoed during a visit I paid to one of the Sultan's own Cabinet in the course of the afternoon. There is no doubt in my mind that the leading men in Turkey of all parties feel very strongly on this question of the "Capitulations," and resent very bitterly the attitude adopted towards Turkey by some of the Great Powers—ourselves, for example. A year ago, when the Turks were doubtful as to the condition of their army, this feeling was not so pronounced, but now that they see they were able to defeat Greece in fifteen days without dislocating their military system and with an army of redifs stiffened only by two brigades of the active army, the old confidence has returned, and Turkish Ministers feel and Turkish officers show that they are indisposed to stand too much hectoring. They know, too, that they do not stand alone. Germany has given them invaluable counsel and support, whilst Bulgaria with her compact, well-trained little army of 100,000 men is now at the disposal of the Sultan. For the present at any rate the Macedonian question is dead; the chiefs of the party have given pledges of good conduct, and have in consequence been well provided for in the Bulgarian army. All danger of a rising is at an end; indeed there is no secret here that Prince Ferdinand was quite willing to have aided his suzerain with a corps d'armée during the late war, and even now, should the Servian pretensions grow insupportable, would not be averse to assisting at a fresh rectification of the Bulgar-Servian frontier. The close friendship between the Sultan and Prince Ferdinand makes for peace, and I am of opinion that a long period of quiet is now assured in Eastern Europe. From all I hear, it is the evident intention of the Sultan's Ministers to take advantage of this opportunity to push forward the commercial development of their country by the construction of a vast network of narrow-gauge railways both in Europe and in Asia. The capital for these undertakings will be found in Germany; for, unfortunately, our Ambassador is not a *persona grata* either at the Palace or the Porte, and the many millions which have within the last few years been spent in railways and war material have all gone into the pockets of German, not English, contractors. Possibly, from the humanitarian point of view, our policy has been right; personally, I think it has been wrong. But as to the disastrous effect such a policy has had on our commercial relations with Turkey there can be no two opinions. Is it statecraft to allow twenty millions of capital to be poured into German pockets and to exasperate fifty millions of our Mahomedan fellow-subjects in order that we may pose as the protectors of an effete, immoral and cowardly race, whose vain boast is that they are Christians? A Christianity which preaches murder and which deals in dynamite is scarcely a religion to be tolerated. I well remember the "Perish India!" cry of Freeman and his satellites twenty years ago; but is the British merchant of to-day willing to see British trade with Turkey pass into the hands of Germany? Is St. James's Hall to be arbiter of our commercial destinies?

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON AS LITERARY CRITIC.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON has contributed to the "Positivist Review" of Shaksp. 22, 109 (1 October) a signed review of Dr. Bridges's edition of the "Opus Majus," concerning which we are even now unable to make up our minds whether it is serious or ironical. If it is serious, it is one of the most amazing examples of modern log-rolling.

The book has been reviewed at some length in the "Tablet" of 11 September, in our own issue of

18 September, and in the "Athenaeum" of 25 September. In each of these reviews it has been shown that the text is incomplete and inaccurate—not only inaccurate as representing what Bacon wrote, but even what late copyists had made of his work. One reviewer has printed five or six lines of the manuscript side by side with Dr. Bridges's copy, showing twenty-five mistakes in that gentleman's transcription. We ourselves have so far studied the book as to be assured that, except in Section V., which was printed in 1614 by Combach, a German scholar, from a very good manuscript, there is hardly a page in the book without serious error. Moreover, the text is incomplete to an incredible extent. One of many examples must suffice. On p. 96 (last paragraph) Dr. Bridges is supplying the deficiency of the Oxford MS. he professes to consult. He prints six lines of manuscript and omits thirty-three! And yet Mr. Frederic Harrison talks repeatedly about "the complete and accurate form" of Dr. Bridges's work, the "first full and critical edition," and compares it with "the amputated and far from correct" text of Jebb.

Let us follow Mr. Harrison in his survey of the work, and compare his statements with the facts. He has selected five points for especial notice. The first is bibliographical. Dr. Bridges names, but does not describe, some manuscripts in Oxford, Cambridge and London. Mr. Harrison is able to recognize in this "a bibliographical account" of the MSS. available, though a mere list of them would fill many pages. This is the sentence Mr. Harrison addresses to "the cultivated reader":—"A bibliographical account of the very rare manuscripts show (*sic!*) how the thoughts of the great Franciscan revolutionist have been casually preserved for 630 years." But Dr. Bridges has not even made use of the information collected for him in Mr. Little's work on the "Grey Friars in Oxford." While Mr. Little's account of Bacon's MSS. is far from perfectly accurate, Dr. Bridges would have found there that a MS. of the work exists in the Vatican, and that there are thirteenth-century MSS. for the greater part of the "Opus Majus."

Mr. Harrison's second point is this: "Dr. Bridges next gives us a biography of Roger Bacon from 1210 to 1292, collecting all the authentic notices of him that exist in his own or in contemporary writings."

Seeing that Bacon was born, according to Dr. Bridges, in 1215, a biography which gave his history from 1210 could not be accused of wanting in fulness. Unfortunately Bacon's post-natal career is not treated with equal thoroughness. Amongst the few facts relating to Bacon's later life given by Dr. Bridges is an account of his condemnation in Paris at a Chapter held by the General of his Order in 1277. Dr. Bridges does not seem to have taken the trouble to find out whether there are any records of the General Chapters of that time. As a matter of fact, such a Chapter does not seem to have been held. Assuming that the review is ironical, Mr. Harrison has, we think unwisely, left this point to the general reader; but he makes up for it by a parody of Dr. Bridges's historical method, in which he describes how "in Roger's age the Metaphysical Schoolmen, the *Duns-Scotists*—the *dunces*—combined with the monks and prelates to decry and to silence the neologist who sought to combine science and theology." If we consider that the Scotists flourished in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, that the monks could have had nothing to do with Bacon because he was a friar minor, and that he got his main support from the Pope, the humour of this passage can be thoroughly appreciated.

" . . . After nearly 200 pages of introductory matter the text begins, the chapters being separated, each paragraph having its substance given in English, and critical notes, citations, and elucidations at the foot of the page where required." We have already pointed out that the text is grossly inaccurate, that it contains passages which could not by any possibility form part of the "Opus Majus" (notably Chapter XVI. of Section I., and pp. 376 to 403, vol. i., which Dr. Bridges tells us himself form no part of the work), and that it has frequent omissions. As regards the division into chapters, we note that pp. 175-376, vol. i. are not divided by Dr. Bridges into chapters, though there is

such a division in the early MSS. "Critical notes" we have been unable to find, though the author sometimes gives Jebb's reading as if it were a matter of any importance, while misplaced references (e.g. pp. 226, 229, vol. ii.), distorted diagrams (e.g. pp. 403-4, vol. i.) astonish us at every point. The "elucidations" are generally confined to short extracts from some encyclopaedia, giving the names and dates of a few of the persons spoken of, though sometimes we come upon such a note as the following: "I do not know what work is here referred to" (p. 6, vol. i.).

If Mr. Harrison's review is meant as irony, it is not difficult to conjecture why he should have made such an attack on the work. His bitterness is, perhaps, only the measure of his disappointment. It seems that Bacon has been placed in the "Religion of Humanity" on a pedestal near that of Comte, and great things were hoped from this edition. The Franciscans had published a scholarly and complete edition of the works of St. Bonaventure, Bacon's general: the Comists wished to do the same for Bacon himself. How the Clarendon Press came to lend itself to the plan is another question. As things stand, we have no hesitation in joining with Mr. Frederic Harrison in his ironical congratulations to the College of Physicians and the University of Oxford on this "truly monumental edition."

THE YOKOHAMA POISONING CASE.

IT is satisfactory to learn that the Yokohama poisoning case will in all probability be reopened in this country, Mrs. Carew being now on her way to England under an order of the Government. The application made last July to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council for leave to appeal was, it is true, quashed, but it was quashed only on technical grounds. The evidence submitted merely related to the jurisdiction of the Court and to points collateral to the main issue, and on the evidence submitted the Court could only arrive at the conclusion at which it did arrive. Had the case in its integrity been laid before the Committee we have little doubt that the application would have been granted; and we speak advisedly.

After a careful review of the trial and of the evidence, we say confidently that if there has, in this case, been no miscarriage of justice, and Mrs. Carew has been convicted rightly, it has been for the wrong reasons and in defiance of the laws of legal procedure. Of the scandalously lax manner in which the post-mortem examination was conducted, of the improper admission of evidence, of the license accorded to witnesses, of the misdirection of the jury, which only consisted of five men, of the substitution of pure hypothesis for established proof, and that in the crucial points of the case, there can be no question. There was, we contend, no evidence to show that Mr. Carew died of arsenic poisoning at all; he was in wretched health, and within a few hours of his death he was being treated for a liver complaint by the very physician who afterwards surmised, on the strength of an anonymous letter, that he was dying of arsenic poisoning. Assuming that Mr. Carew did die of arsenic, it was established on incontrovertible testimony that he had been in the habit of taking it for years. Again: it was assumed that Mrs. Carew administered arsenic to him; of this there was no evidence of any kind; all that was proved was that Mrs. Carew had purchased Fowler's Solution. A further assumption was that Mrs. Carew had a motive in wishing to murder her husband, because she was in love with a youth named Dickinson. To this it may be answered in a counter-assumption that, if she was in love with Dickinson, it was perfectly easy for her to leave her husband, as he was a poor man and she possessed of an ample fortune settled on herself. But the assumption that she was in love with Dickinson had no foundation, and rested not on deductions drawn from any expressions of her own, but on certain passages in Dickinson's letters or supposed letters—for some appear to have been forgeries—to her.

In a word, nothing can be more unsatisfactory than this case as it now stands, and if, in its present stage, there is enough uncertainty in it to hold our moral judgment as to Mrs. Carew's guilt or innocence in

suspense—legally we are certain that no English jury would have convicted her—one thing is at least clear: that a more lamentable exhibition of bemuddlement and imbecility on the part of all concerned in it than the trial at Yokohama has never disgraced English legislation. The unhappy prisoner had no chance at all. A more conclusive case for the prosecution could not possibly have been stated than in the absurd speech for the defence, while the speech for the prosecution and the summing-up of the judge were simply indistinguishable. That no loophole might be open for the poor woman when the prosecution found that no white arsenic could be traced, as was at first assumed, they substituted Fowler's Solution, and the judge instructed the jury that to establish the charge of murder it was not necessary to find that arsenic was the cause of Mr. Carew's death if they could satisfy themselves that it "conduced to his death." We repeat, the case calls aloud for reconsideration.

THE "IPANÉ."

I.

THE "Casa Horrocks" stood at the junction of one of the sandy staircased watercourses which did duty for side streets in Asuncion de Paraguay, and a deserted plaza overgrown with castor-oil plants and with wild indigo, bounded by ruined houses on one side and on the other by a few mameys, and by a hedge of orange trees, in which at night the fireflies glistened, flashing to and fro as they were humming-birds all dipped in phosphorus. By day the horses of the neighbours played about and fought with one another; or, tied with a "maneador" to a stout peg, stood drowsily stamping at flies and hanging down their heads in the fierce sunlight. Sometimes a company of prisoners armed with machetes made pretence to cut down grass, their guards meanwhile unarmed and smoking in the shade. In South America at the time I write of (for now I fear that competition has brought about an economic change), prisoners seemed to think them selves an honoured class; few took the trouble to escape, but if their guards got drunk or misbehaved themselves, the prisoners not infrequently escorted them back to the prison. Yet so strong is habit that these self-same men, who most of them could have escaped at any moment, and many of whom came, went, and worked about the country towns, spoke of themselves with tears in their eyes as "los cautivos" and seemed to think their not uncomfortable lot most undeserved.

The Casa Horrocks had scant architectural pretensions, and yet was not less pleasing than an "aesthetic" house "faked" up with terra-cotta work looking like ill-burnt pie-crust, and with the wood-work gaping after an English winter's rain. Built round a courtyard with an "aljibe" in the centre to catch the rain, the walls "adobe," solid and well cemented over, the open ceilings showed great beams of "jacaranda" or of "canela"; flat the roof as roofs of houses in the East; eaves deep, and from them slender tubes of hard-wood sticking out a foot or two to carry off the rain, which in the rainy season spouted like waterfalls upon the passers-by; the rooms all opening into the court and into one another; the door of solid "urunday," studded with wrought-iron nails, and from it a dark passage called the "zaguan," which led to a second floor furnished with spy-hole, and with two small embrasures to fire from, should the "infidel" in times gone by have ventured an attack. Inside, scant furniture, no beds, but hammocks made of ornamental cotton with long lace fringes swinging in every room or to the pillars of the court; the chairs apparently contrived for giants, with seats of Spanish leather kept in their place by large brass nails; the tables solid and on each of them a porous jar of water, on the outside of which by day and night thick drops of moisture hung. No pictures and no clocks and all the wall's inside dazzling with whitewash, whilst the house itself—which may, for all I know, have been painted by a "conquistador"—shone like a ripe banana with a coat of saffron-coloured paint. From "Azotea" or from "Mirador," across the river, you saw the "Chaco," which, with its palms, its billows of waving Pampa

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grass, and with its air of prediluvian impregnability, gave the lie direct to the sporadic civilization of the capital of Paraguay.

The tramway running from the harbour to the railway station, the "Tolderia" of the Payaguas, who stalked about in all the glory of their feathers and polygamy; the "Correntinos" riding half-wild horses through the streets; and yet again the bank, the post-office, telegraph station and the steamers in the port, set forth that barbarism and progress had met and kissed (but out of mere politeness), and after kissing had drawn apart again, determined never to be friends. Cave of Adullam, Club, general meeting place, give it what name you will, the Casa Horrocks served as rendezvous for all those waifs and strays who in the islands of the Pacific must have been "Beach Combers," but who in Paraguay, perhaps restrained by a life on horseback, never attained to the full meanness of a Pacific Beach Comber's estate. The Spanish proverb says, "There is no sane man on a horse's back"—"No hay hombre cuerdo á caballo"—and it may well be said no horseman, with the exception of the jockey now and then, is quite a cur. Riding, Cervantes says, "makes one man look a gentleman, and yet another show like a groom"; but still the groom himself, by virtue of the company he keeps, remains more self-respecting than do the other members of the class who live upon the follies of mankind. So in the Casa Horrocks was assembled a heterogeneous company. Firstly, the master of the house, together with his Paraguayan wife, he having left a legally qualified helpmate in Buenos Ayres to mourn his loss. Rarest of types, a clever fat man; like Falstaff loving meat, drink, women, comfort, and horses; a good musician, a "plum centre shot," capable engineer; ingenious linguist, having travelled the whole world over, and eking out Guarani with Turkish, Spanish, and with Portuguese, and still in such a manner as to seem rather eclectic than ridiculous.

Lieutenant Hansel, late of the British navy, a choleric Celto-Briton, dressed á la Correntino—that is, in black merino Turkish trousers, high riding boots, vicuña poncho, red silk handkerchief tied round the neck with the two points neatly spread out behind upon his shoulders in the same style the artist's "contadina" was assumed to wear her head-dress in the 'fifties. Like a fire of Vesta was his short clay pipe, cigar, or cigarette; impervious he was to all known fermented drink, nervous by temperament, and yet with nerves of iron, manacled day and night in huge iron spurs which report said he wore to prove he had never been a sailor; hating "old Gladstone" as the first Article of his creed; Liberal in theory but of the "roaring forty" breed of Liberals, who in reality are more Tory than the Tories; a gentleman withal and a bold horseman, mixed in his metaphors at times, as when he spoke of "carrying weather helm" to characterize a "borer" or described a "bucker" as having got him in a jibble of a sea.

Crosskey, a youth caught fresh from College, and sent to the River Plate in order to acquire colonial experience, which he appeared to do by most assiduously frequenting "bailes," "fandangos," "novenas," or any function where the Paraguayan female population used to congregate. A female population in the ratio of thirteen to one man, the men having been all killed off in the long lately terminated war with the Brazilians. A war which left the country all but depopulated, the President himself having been killed when riding the last horse (a little roan), upon the plains of the Aquidaban.

Women did everything; gathered the crops, tended the flocks, shot, fished and hunted, and in some villages the very Alcalde was an old Indian woman, who, with a European footman's hat, long cane with silver top, and air of office, administered such justice as the times required, to the full as well as had she been properly qualified with beard and University degree. The national female dress even in ordinary times was most exiguous: a long low-cut chemise called a *tupoi*, doing duty for all the pomps and circumstance which the female form divine seems to require in richer lands.

Being *en famille*, so to speak, or at the least *en sexe*, even the *tupoi* in country places was not infrequently held all too cumbersome, and when a traveller came to a house a general stampede ensued till some one found the single garment in the place, clothed herself in it, and came forth, full of most courteous salutations, half Spanish and half Guarani, and a request the stranger would take possession of his house. A Portuguese from Goa known by the natives as the "English Indian," a Greek who greased the boots, and an Australian bookkeeper who never kept a book, with numerous Paraguayan women who seemed to come and go in a kaleidoscopic fashion and who smoked cigars as thick as candles all day long, made up the tail of the establishment. Order and regularity were things unknown, meals were served up when men were hungry and consisted chiefly of jerked beef, stewed up with rice and pepper, sprinkled with mandioca flour or of a vile concoction known as "Angou" in which eggs, mandioca, fish, and general "menavellings" were the ingredients. Bottles of square-faced gin (Albert Van Hoytema, the Palm Tree Brand) were used as candlesticks. The heat was like a furnace, and clouds of insects, all most interesting to entomologists, rendered life one perpetual battle, and proved the aptness of the Spanish proverb that "to eat and scratch is but beginning." During the day the horses fed about the streets and in the plaza, and at evening women led them down to the river to drink and bathe. The world went on, no doubt, in Paris and in London as of old, posters appearing in the streets with statements calculated to deceive the general public writ large upon them. Empires were struggling for their life. Sedan and Gravelotte, the Siege of Paris, the Commune, and the rest of the events of 1870 were passing; but we recked nothing of them, taking our recreation quite contentedly, watching the negro regiment of Brazilians cantoned outside the town perform what it considered drill, looking with admiration on the squadron of Rio Grandense cavalry manœuvre, or on occasion strolling to the station to see the train come in driven by a sort of Belgian engineer assisted by two female stokers. Right underneath the Casa Horrocks lay the Brazilian fleet, the flagship, the "Aquadaban," "Jequitinhonha," "Paraiba," "Terror do Mundo," and the rest, in the positions where they had anchored eighteen months ago, at the surrender of the town. Italian schooners, like the one which Garibaldi once commanded, came and went, making the passage to Buenos Ayres, "aguas abajo"—that is, with the stream—in twenty days, but taking fifty, sixty, a hundred, or as many as God willed, "aguas arriba," or against the stream. Canoes with Indians came and went, bringing great piles of oranges, bundles of mandioca, maize, and "pindo" for the horses, and blending with the landscape almost as perfectly as the great rafts of "camalote" which floated with the stream, gathering in magnitude as they advanced and carrying with them now and then monkeys and snakes, and once a tiger, which tradition said landed at Santa Fé and, walking through the streets, devoured a Christian. More or less ill appointed steamers sailed for Corrientes or for Corumbá, taking the futile merchandise which Europe "dumps" on countries such as Paraguay; and in the cabins a Brazilian Governor journeying to "Cuyabá," some generals, colonels, a priest or two, a demi-mondaine changing her garrison, an orchid hunter much bemused in gin, and all the waifs and strays of cosmopolitan humanity who, "outside our flag," pursue their useless lives, under the sixfold international code of law so neatly codified by Colonel Colt.

A nondescript society which set me thinking whether if after all Pizarro had not better have herded swine in the "dehesas" between Truxillo and Medellin until his death, Almagro kept his shop in Panama, Cortes continued to make love and fight in Cuba, and Alvar Nufiez have remained in Florida amongst the Seminoles. But had they done so, perchance America had been reserved for us and over it our flag had floated with "Empire," "Pauperism," "Sunday," and a contingent of the "native" troops from every State to tramp our streets at the recurrent ten years' Jubilee.

SOME SNOBBISH PEERS.

IN the course of my heraldic experience I have come across a goodly number of men who have in turn claimed and assured me that their families were "one of the very few instances of Commoners bearing supporters." In Scotland many chiefs of clans and others bearing no hereditary dignity have had grants made of these additions to their armorial bearings. But in England the rules have always been most strict. Peers are able to obtain grants to descend with their peerages, and all Knights Grand Cross are permitted to obtain grants of supporters *for life only*. A few baronets bear supporters as augmentations by special favour and by Royal Warrant from the Crown, and two untitled families—Speke of Jordans and Watson-Taylor of Erlestoke—have been similarly honoured. With these the list of authorized bearers ends. The unauthorized list is lengthy. The offenders sit in high places. The Earl of Berkeley has no supporters. Those with which Burke credits him belong to the Barony of Berkeley, and have descended to the Right Hon. Louisa Mary (wife of General Milman) in her own right Baroness Berkeley. The Duke of Roxburghe has no supporters, in spite of the fact that every printed Peerage, even the accurate Debrett, credits his Grace with their possession. Nor, as a matter of fact, has he any crest. Now that he is of age, and in a position to attend to his own affairs, the Duke should see that the crest and supporters are eliminated from the armorial bearings standing at his name in all of the Peerages. Lord Lothian has neither arms, crest, nor supporters, which I have the honour of hereby pointing out to the Editor of Debrett. I trust he will satisfy himself on this point and remove them. These same Ker arms are added as quarterings by all the Peerages to the escutcheon of Lord Antrim. Why, being incorrect, they have been perpetuated in every place I fail to see, as the M'Donnell arms and those only are recorded for Lord Antrim in the office of Ulster King of Arms. Lord Churchill has no supporters, and this fact was pointed out by Foster years ago. I trust that the Editor of Debrett will next year clip his lordship's wings a little—by removing the winged accessories which are at present figuring on either side of his lordship's escutcheon. Lord Sandhurst's exuberant energy, if directed somewhat nearer home, might enable him to discover that the supporters he uses do not belong to him and are not hereditary. They were, I believe, granted *for life* to the first Lord Sandhurst (before his elevation to the Peerage) as a Knight Grand Cross, and *have not descended* to his present lordship. Lord Stradbroke, again, though possessing arms and crest, has no shadow of a right to his supporters. It would be decidedly interesting to know where they originated. Lord Lingen possesses arms. Debrett very properly thinks the shield alone sufficient for his lordship and credits him with nothing more. Not so Burke and the others, who add to his shield both crest and supporters. Now, concerning the crest I can only say that no one of the name of Lingen ever had a right to the crest "out of a ducal coronet a garb vert." Another branch of the Lingen family, however, certainly had the crest "out of a ducal coronet a bunch of leeks." Lord Lingen's supporters are simply a piece of ridiculous and inexcusable assumption. Sir William Pole of Shute House claims and uses supporters, though it is gratifying to find that neither Burke nor Debrett now admit any right on his part to them. Mr. Barlow of Hasketon is another individual who claims and uses these additions without authority. The Marquess of Tweeddale is yet another delinquent. The whole of the arms, quarterings, crest, and supporters which he uses are void of any legal authority. In fact, his coronet is the only part of his armorial achievement to which exception cannot be taken.

Lord de Ros occupies the proud position of premier Baron of England upon the Roll of Precedence. There seems to be reason, according to the latest decisions of the Committee of Privileges, to think that this position really belongs of right to Lord Mowbray and Stourton. Unfortunately for him the Barony of Mowbray was merged in the Dukedom of Norfolk at the time when De Ros was called out of abeyance. But, in spite of his position

as a Peer, Lord De Ros occupies a peculiar position in regard to his armorial bearings. "Burke's Peerage" states that "Charlotte Boyle, wife of Lord Henry Fitz-Gerald, son of James, 1st Duke of Leinster" (succeeded) "as 3rd Baroness de Ros. Her ladyship, who assumed by Royal licence, 1806, the surname and arms of De Ros for herself and her issue," &c. Debrett states the same. Now this is a distinct misstatement, for, according to "Foster's Peerage," no exemplification of the arms was ever issued. A Royal licence always contains the provision that, failing such exemplification, "this our Royal licence shall be void and of none effect." Consequently, as the exemplification was never proceeded with, the surname of Lord De Ros is FitzGerald, and the only arms he possesses are those of FitzGerald, and to the name and crest of De Ros and (save as a subsidiary quartering) to the arms of De Ros his lordship has no right whatsoever.

Lord Basing has no arms, crest, or supporters. The whole achievement he uses is a curious invention, breaking alike the laws of arms and the rules of the science of armory. Destitute as he is of any pedigree beyond a supposititious descent from the ancient family of Slaughter, it would be interesting to ascertain his lordship's excuses for the assumption of arms. Lord St. Leonards likewise has neither arms, crest, nor supporters. No more has Lord Fitzhardinge. X.

PURCELL AND THE "TIMES" MUSICAL CRITIC.

WITH your permission, Mr. Maitland," said Hans Richter at the semi-public band-rehearsal of Purcell's "King Arthur" on Wednesday afternoon, "we will play forte where you have marked piano, and piano where you have marked forte." Later he stated that the whole of Mr. Maitland's score would be revised before the next rehearsal, proper marks of expression being inserted. But after spending a little time over the pianoforte score prepared by Mr. Maitland, and, I regret to say, published by Messrs. Boosey, the conviction is thrust upon me that had Richter been given an opportunity of comparing the score he used with any trustworthy score, he would, at whatever expense and trouble, have taken "King Arthur" off the programme of the Festival to be held next week at Birmingham. A more incompetent piece of work it has never been my fate to set eyes upon. About most artistic matters it is possible for mere differences of opinion to exist: whether a picture by Madox Brown or a poem by Browning is or is not beautiful is entirely a matter of taste. But whether a man spells correctly, or works a simple piece of arithmetic or harmony correctly, is not a matter of taste: all educated people will form one conclusion or the other in a few minutes. The mistakes made by Mr. Maitland are not a matter of taste: no musician would hesitate for a moment to call them very serious mistakes. With a little longer time at my disposal it would be possible to multiply almost endlessly the instances of these mistakes; but since "King Arthur" is to be performed next Wednesday at Birmingham and many musical enthusiasts will buy Mr. Maitland's pianoforte score to prepare for that event, it is imperative that they should be told that what they see there is a mere travesty of Purcell, concocted by a gentleman wholly ignorant of the elementary rules of harmony and of the art of filling in accompaniments from a figured-bass.

Passing over some pages of awkward and ineffective part-writing we arrive, in the first bar of p. 9, at a most extraordinary example of Mr. Maitland's ignorance. The last bass note of that bar, an F, is unfigured, and is presumed to bear what is talked of by the initiated as a common-chord. It is not a mere passing-note; for it is a skip and forms no part of the preceding chord; and moreover the voice parts clearly prove that the common-chord was intended. Will it be believed that Mr. Maitland has held the previous chord over it until the first beat of the next bar, producing dire discords between his sustained note and both the bass and the voice-parts! One-bar-and-a-half later the phrase is repeated, and for some reason Mr. Maitland here does right what he has just done wrong. I will pass on again, only stopping for a moment at p. 42. In

the first bar of the second stave he has altered Purcell's parts, apparently for the express purpose of introducing consecutive fifths; and again in the second bar of the third stave to give us a notable example of how part-writing should not be done. Consecutive fifths also occur later in the same number; but I have not space to enumerate all the specimens of such schoolboy errors. In the second bar of the third stave of p. 57 one of Purcell's most lovely effects is wantonly spoiled by the major chord on E being changed to a minor chord; and another, just as lovely, is spoiled in the first bar, stave 2, p. 62, where Mr. Maitland, instead of setting down Purcell's chord of the seventh at the half-bar, has simply sustained the previous chord. In the second bar of p. 80 Purcell's figures, as given in the "Orpheus Britannicus," are not observed; nor are they in the fourth; in the sixth an ugly discord is gratuitously introduced; at the beginning of the eighth the figures are not only disregarded, but actually contradicted; on the fourth beat of the twelfth bar a most hideous and uncalled for discord is dragged in; in the fourth, fifth and first half of the sixth bar of p. 81, no chord at all is written, Mr. Maitland evidently not having known what on earth to do; at the tenth and fourteenth bars of the same page the difficulty presented by Purcell's figures is adroitly evaded by writing something else. In bar 1 of p. 82 an appalling effect is got by another alteration of Purcell; while the harmonic ingenuity displayed in the next bar renders me speechless. The trio, No. 27, opens with no chord at all, as if Purcell had marked the bass *tasto solo*; but some quaint ones very soon follow. I may call special attention to the chord of the seventh added, and wrongly resolved, on the last note of stave 1, p. 104, and to the consecutive fifths that follow. A sixth in the last bar of the same page is changed to a fifth. But leaving such minor offences, on the last stave of p. 105, we come upon a specimen of fatuous part-writing, consisting of a series of four consecutive fifths between treble and bass, skipping in all directions, followed by consecutive octaves, also between treble and bass; and the cruel effect of these is not even softened by any filling-up of the inner parts. After this it is hard to preserve the seriousness proper to the subject. A student who presented such a conglomeration of bungles to his harmony-master would be dismissed as hopelessly incapable; but Mr. J. A. F. Maitland has obviously gone equally through his task, seemingly half-a-bar at a time, quite unconscious of what he was doing or of the fact that his achievement would only provoke laughter. Quite a number of gentlemen advertise in the musical papers to the effect that they are prepared to revise amateur's music on moderate terms. If Mr. Maitland had sent his score to one of these gentlemen the grammar of it might at any rate have been correct.

But seriousness is necessary. Recently Mr. Maitland himself has with great gravity set forth in "The Musician" the difficulties he encountered, and the high principle which guided him. That principle was that "it seemed to me desirable on this occasion to let Purcell speak for himself"—for "what we want to get at is what Purcell wrote, not what various good people in the eighteenth century thought he ought to have written." Neither, it may be submitted, what a Mr. Maitland in the nineteenth century thinks Purcell ought to have written; yet in the same article Mr. Maitland admits that he has "omitted the bass at the passage 'We brethren of air,' as it is undoubtedly more effective if sung unaccompanied;" and later he tells us that "in the lovely song of Venus, 'Fairest isle, all isles excelling,' I have fitted the string parts given in 'Ayres for the Theatre' into the accompaniment, so as to allow some relief from the harpsichord and bass." But Mr. Maitland is too modest. Besides these two instances of allowing Purcell "to speak for himself" by the naïve plan of speaking for him, Mr. Maitland has made numerous other alterations to which he does not choose to refer. Some, mentioned in my previous paragraph, may be excused on the ground of ignorance of the elementary rules of musical grammar; but many have been done in obedience to what Mr. Maitland would doubtless call his aesthetic sense; and to show how utterly worthless is this

edition it is necessary to point out a few of the most glaring of the cases in which Mr. Maitland has set his own principle at defiance. In the first place, why has he transposed the order of the two overtures? That in D minor—despite the absence of trumpets and drums—is much bigger in style than that in D major, much more suited to be the opening of a great work; and besides this it leads naturally into the key of the second number, namely F, while the overture in D major leads naturally into the key of "Two daughters of this aged stream," namely G minor. As they stand in Mr. Maitland's score they produce a sequence of keys which would have seemed barbarous to Purcell. Secondly, why are string parts added to many songs where Purcell intended the voice to be accompanied only by harpsichord and bass? It entirely upsets Purcell's balance of effect and carefully prepared contrasts; and it makes Purcell appear to break a rule which he in common with all composers of the period always observed, namely never to double the solo voice with any instrument. Again, Mr. Maitland says that "the fourth act, with its wonderful 'Passacaglia,' is exactly as it stands in the best authorities." I am curious to know whether there is any authority whatever for the silly alteration made in the bass at bars 4-5, stave 1, p. 88, of Mr. Maitland's score, and for the magnificent effect of the entry of the chorus being discounted by the re-introduction of the theme in its original form eight bars too soon. The whole point of a passacaglia depends on the ground bass being repeated without essential changes; and moreover the first edition of the "Orpheus Britannicus" gives the passage correctly. Once again, why should the little dances—often consisting of only a couple of measures—be made so much too short, and the form of the longer numbers be mutilated, by the repeats being disregarded? Mr. Maitland evidently does not know that the older composers regarded a double-bar as a repeat sign, whether there were dots or not; for he actually omits many double-bars. Finally, not content with ruining the music he has tampered with the words, suppressing one verse because it might not please the clergy, and rewriting a really pretty song lest some prurient-minded Birmingham old lady should find anything unpleasing in it. It is not surprising, after all, to find Mr. Maitland's name on the band parts in much more prominent type than Purcell's. It is surprising that while so clearly stating his views on editing in the above-mentioned "Musician" article he should have been so foolish as to make it possible and necessary for me to expose him. But perhaps Mr. Maitland did not regard the views as his own. Certainly they come out of the late Professor Edward Taylor's preface to *his*, on the whole, very excellent edition. In this respect they resemble much of the learning in Mr. Maitland's article, which mentions scarcely a thing the whole world did not know before. A ludicrous example of this sham learning is Mr. Maitland's reference to Mr. Streatfeild's "discovery" that a tremolo effect used in the Frost Scene had previously been used by Lulli. Mr. Streatfeild may just have "discovered" this: Mr. Streatfeild is not a musician, and is a very young amateur; but it has been a matter of common knowledge for years, and is, I believe, mentioned in Grove's Dictionary.

To return to Mr. Maitland's score. I beg Messrs. Boosey to withdraw at once this deplorable exhibition of bad taste and entire lack of musicianship. It is a disgrace to English music; and there are three special reasons why it should not be sold. First, a firm of Messrs. Boosey's high reputation must inevitably lose something in the estimation of musicians by having their name on the covers of so barbaric an achievement. Secondly, it will be a scandal if copies are allowed to get abroad, there to give foreign musicians the idea that such bungling is representative of English musicianship. Lastly, Mr. Fuller Maitland is musical critic of the "Times," and for the honour of my profession I don't want it too widely known that the critic of our great daily cannot work a simple bit of harmony without coming to grief. Of course we critics have long since formed our opinion of Mr. Maitland; but really he should not be permitted to let the general public into the secret. Let the edition be withdrawn immediately, and the whole matter hushed up.

J. F. R.

"HAMLET."

THE Forbes-Robertson "Hamlet" at the Lyceum is, very unexpectedly at that address, really not at all unlike Shakespear's play of the same name. I am quite certain I saw Reynaldo in it for a moment; and possibly I may have seen Voltimand and Cornelius; but just as the time for their scene arrived, my eye fell on the word "Fortinbras" in the programme, which so amazed me that I hardly know what I saw for the next ten minutes. Ophelia, instead of being a strenuously earnest and self-possessed young lady giving a concert and recitation for all she was worth, was mad—actually mad. The story of the play was perfectly intelligible, and quite took the attention of the audience off the principal actor at moments. What is the Lyceum coming to? Is it for this that Sir Henry Irving has invented a whole series of original romantic dramas, and given the credit of them without a murmur to the immortal bard whose profundity (as exemplified in the remark that good and evil are mingled in our natures) he has just been pointing out to the inhabitants of Cardiff, and whose works have been no more to him than the word-quarry from which he has hewn and blasted the lines and titles of masterpieces which are really all his own? And now, when he has created by these means a reputation for Shakespear, he no sooner turns his back for a moment on London than Mr. Forbes Robertson competes with him on the boards of his own theatre by actually playing off against him the authentic Swan of Avon. Now if the result had been the utter exposure and collapse of that impostor, poetic justice must have proclaimed that it served Mr. Forbes Robertson right. But alas! the wily William, by literary tricks which our simple Sir Henry has never quite understood, has played into Mr. Forbes Robertson's hands so artfully that the scheme is a prodigious success. The effect of this success, coming after that of Mr. Alexander's experiment with a Shakespearean version of "As You Like It," makes it almost probable that we shall presently find managers vieing with each other in offering the public as much of the original Shakespearean stuff as possible, instead of, as heretofore, doing their utmost to reassure us that everything that the most modern resources can do to relieve the irreducible minimum of tedium inseparable from even the most heavily cut acting version will be lavished on their revivals. It is true that Mr. Beerbohm Tree still holds to the old scepticism, and calmly proposes to insult us by offering us Garrick's puerile and horribly caddish knockabout farce of "Katharine and Petruchio" for Shakespear's "Taming of the Shrew"; but Mr. Tree, like all romantic actors, is incorrigible on the subject of Shakespear.

Mr. Forbes Robertson is essentially a classical actor, the only one, with the exception of Mr. Alexander, now established in London management. What I mean by classical is that he can present a dramatic hero as a man whose passions are those which have produced the philosophy, the poetry, the art, and the statecraft of the world, and not merely those which have produced its weddings, coroner's inquests, and executions. And that is just the sort of actor that Hamlet requires. A Hamlet who only understands his love for Ophelia, his grief for his father, his vindictive hatred of his uncle, his fear of ghosts, his impulse to snub Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and the sportsman's excitement with which he lays the "mousetrap" for Claudius, can, with sufficient force or virtuosity of execution, get a great reputation in the part, even though the very intensity of his obsession by these sentiments (which are common not only to all men but to many animals), shows that the characteristic side of Hamlet, the side that differentiates him from Fortinbras, is absolutely outside the actor's consciousness. Such a reputation is the actor's, not Hamlet's. Hamlet is not a man in whom "common humanity" is raised by great vital energy to a heroic pitch, like Coriolanus or Othello. On the contrary, he is a man in whom the common personal passions are so superseded by wider and rarer interests, and so discouraged by a degree of critical self-consciousness

which makes the practical efficiency of the instinctive man on the lower plane impossible to him, that he finds the duties dictated by conventional revenge and ambition as disagreeable a burden as commerce is to a poet. Even his instinctive sexual impulses offend his intellect; so that when he meets the woman who excites them he invites her to join him in a bitter and scornful criticism of their joint absurdity, demanding "What should such fellows as I do crawling between heaven and earth?" "Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" and so forth, all of which is so completely beyond the poor girl that she naturally thinks him mad. And, indeed, there is a sense in which Hamlet is insane; for he trips over the mistake which lies on the threshold of intellectual self-consciousness: that of bringing life to utilitarian or Hedonistic tests, thus treating it as a means instead of an end. Because Polonius is "a foolish prating knave," because Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are snobs, he kills them as remorselessly as he might kill a flea, showing that he has no real belief in the superstitious reason which he gives for not killing himself, and in fact anticipating exactly the whole course of the intellectual history of Western Europe until Schopenhauer found the clue that Shakespear missed. But to call Hamlet mad because he did not anticipate Schopenhauer is like calling Marcellus mad because he did not refer the Ghost to the Psychical Society. It is in fact not possible for any actor to represent Hamlet as mad. He may (and generally does) combine some notion of his own of a man who is the creature of affectionate sentiment with the figure drawn by the lines of Shakespear; but the result is not a madman, but simply one of those monsters produced by the imaginary combination of two normal species, such as sphinxes, mermaids, or centaurs. And this is the invariable resource of the instinctive, imaginative, romantic actor. You will see him weeping bucketsful of tears over Ophelia, and treating the players, the gravedigger, Horatio, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern as if they were mutes at his own funeral. But go and watch Mr. Forbes Robertson's Hamlet seizing delightedly on every opportunity for a bit of philosophic discussion or artistic recreation to escape from the "cursed spite" of revenge and love and other common troubles; see how he brightens up when the players come; how he tries to talk philosophy with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern the moment they come into the room; how he stops on his country walk with Horatio to lean over the churchyard wall and draw out the gravedigger whom he sees singing at his trade; how even his fits of excitement find expression in declaiming scraps of poetry; how the shock of Ophelia's death relieves itself in the fiercest intellectual contempt for Laertes's ranting, whilst an hour afterwards, when Laertes stabs him, he bears no malice for that at all, but embraces him gallantly and comradely; and how he dies as we forgive everything to Charles II. for dying, and makes "the rest is silence" a touchingly humorous apology for not being able to finish his business. See all that; and you have seen a true classical Hamlet. Nothing half so charming has been seen by this generation. It will bear seeing again and again.

And please observe that this is not a cold Hamlet. He is none of your logicians who reason their way through the world because they cannot feel their way through it; his intellect is the organ of his passion: his eternal self-criticism is as alive and thrilling as it can possibly be. The great soliloquy—no: I do NOT mean "To be or not to be": I mean the dramatic one, "O what a rogue and peasant slave am I!"—is as passionate in its scorn of brute passion as the most bull-necked affirmation or sentimental dilution of it could be. It comes out so without violence: Mr. Forbes Robertson takes the part quite easily and spontaneously. There is none of that strange Lyceum intensity which comes from the perpetual struggle between Sir Henry Irving and Shakespear. The lines help Mr. Forbes Robertson instead of getting in his way at every turn, because he wants to play Hamlet, and not to slip into his inky cloak a changeling of quite another race. We may miss the craft, the skill double-distilled by constant

peril, the subtlety, the dark rays of heat generated by intense friction, the relentless parental tenacity and cunning with which Sir Henry nurses his own pet creations on Shakespearean food like a fox rearing its litter in the den of a lioness; but we get light, freedom, naturalness, credibility, and Shakespear. It is wonderful how easily everything comes right when you have the right man with the right mind for it—how the story tells itself, how the characters come to life, how even the failures in the cast cannot confuse you, though they may disappoint you. And Mr. Forbes Robertson has certainly not escaped such failures, even in his own family. I strongly urge him to take a hint from Claudius and make a real ghost of Mr. Ian Robertson at once; for there is really no use in going through that scene night after night with a Ghost who is so solidly, comfortably and dogmatically alive as his brother. The voice is not a bad voice; but it is the voice of a man who does not believe in ghosts. Moreover, it is a hungry voice, not that of one who is past eating. There is an indescribable little complacent drop at the end of every line which no sooner calls up the image of purgatory by its words than by its smug elocution it convinces us that this particular penitent is cosily warming his shins and toasting his muffin at the flames instead of expiating his bad acting in the midst of them. His aspect and bearing are worse than his recitations. He beckons Hamlet away like a beadle summoning a timid candidate for the post of junior footman to the presence of the Lord Mayor. If I were Mr. Forbes Robertson I would not stand that from any brother: I would cleave the general ear with horrid speech at him first. It is a pity; for the Ghost's part is one of the wonders of the play. And yet, until Mr. Courtenay Thorpe divined it the other day, nobody seems to have had a glimpse of the reason why Shakespear would not trust any one else with it, and played it himself. The weird music of that long speech which should be the spectral wail of a soul's bitter wrong crying from one world to another in the extremity of its torment, is invariably handed over to the most squaretoed member of the company, who makes it sound, not like Rossetti's "Sister Helen," or even, to suggest a possible heavy treatment, like Mozart's statue-ghost, but like Chambers's *Information for the People*.

Still, I can understand Mr. Ian Robertson, by sheer force of a certain quality of sententiousness in him, overbearing the management into casting him for the Ghost. What I cannot understand is why Miss Granville was cast for the Queen. It is like setting a fashionable modern mandolinist to play Haydn's sonatas. She does her best under the circumstances; but she would have been more fortunate had she been in a position to refuse the part.

On the other hand, several of the impersonations are conspicuously successful. Mrs. Patrick Campbell's Ophelia is a surprise. The part is one which has hitherto seemed incapable of progress. From generation to generation actresses have, in the mad scene, exhausted their musical skill, their ingenuity in devising fantasias in the language of flowers, and their intensest powers of portraying anxiously earnest sanity. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, with that complacent audacity of hers which is so exasperating when she is doing the wrong thing, this time does the right thing by making Ophelia really mad. The resentment of the audience at this outrage is hardly to be described. They long for the strenuous mental grasp and attentive coherence of Miss Lily Hanbury's conception of maiden lunacy; and this wandering, silly, vague Ophelia, who no sooner catches an emotional impulse than it drifts away from her again, emptying her voice of its tone in a way that makes one shiver, makes them horribly uncomfortable. But the effect on the play is conclusive. The shrinking discomfort of the King and Queen, the rankling grief of Laertes, are created by it at once; and the scene, instead of being a pretty interlude coming in just when a little relief from the inky cloak is welcome, touches us with a chill of the blood that gives it its right tragic power and dramatic significance. Playgoers naturally murmur when something that has always been pretty becomes painful; but the pain is good for them, good for the theatre, and good for the

play. I doubt whether Mrs. Patrick Campbell fully appreciates the dramatic value of her quite simple and original sketch—it is only a sketch—of the part; but in spite of the occasional triviality of its execution and the petulance with which it has been received, it seems to me to finally settle in her favour the question of her right to the very important place which Mr. Forbes Robertson has assigned to her in his enterprises.

I did not see Mr. Bernard Gould play Laertes: he was indisposed when I returned to town and hastened to the Lyceum; but he was replaced very creditably by Mr. Frank Dyall. Mr. Martin Harvey is the best Osric I have seen: he plays Osric from Osric's own point of view, which is, that Osric is a gallant and distinguished courtier, and not, as usual, from Hamlet's, which is that Osric is "a waterfly." Mr. Harrison Hunter hits off the modest, honest Horatio capitally; and Mr. Willes is so good a Gravedigger that I venture to suggest to him that he should carry his work a little further, and not virtually cease to concern himself with the play when he has spoken his last line and handed Hamlet the skull. Mr. Cooper Cliffe is not exactly a subtle Claudius; but he looks as if he had stepped out of a picture by Madox Brown, and plays straightforwardly on his very successful appearance. Mr. Barnes makes Polonius robust and elderly instead of aged and garrulous. He is good in the scenes where Polonius appears as a man of character and experience; but the senile exhibitions of courtierly tact do not match these, and so seem forced and farcical.

Mr. Forbes Robertson's own performance has a continuous charm, interest and variety which are the result not only of his well-known familiar grace and accomplishment as an actor, but of a genuine delight—the rarest thing on our stage—in Shakespear's art, and a natural familiarity with the plane of his imagination. He does not superstitiously worship William: he enjoys him and understands his methods of expression. Instead of cutting every line that can possibly be spared, he retains every gem, in his own part or anyone else's, that he can make time for in a spiritedly brisk performance lasting three hours and a half with very short intervals. He does not utter half a line; then stop to act; then go on with another half line; and then stop to act again, with the clock running away with Shakespear's chances all the time. He plays as Shakespear should be played, on the line and to the line, with the utterance and acting simultaneous, inseparable and in fact identical. Not for a moment is he solemnly conscious of Shakespear's reputation, or of Hamlet's momentousness in literary history: on the contrary, he delivers us from all these boredoms instead of heaping them on us. We forgive him the platitudes, so engagingly are they delivered. His novel and astonishingly effective and touching treatment of the final scene is an inspiration, from the fencing match onward. If only Fortinbras could also be inspired with sufficient force and brilliancy to rise to the warlike splendour of his helmet, and make straight for that throne like a man who intended to keep it against all comers, he would leave nothing to be desired. How many generations of Hamlets, all thirsting to outshine their competitors in effect and originality, have regarded Fortinbras, and the clue he gives to this kingly death for Hamlet, as a wildly unpresentable blunder of the poor foolish old Swan, than whom they all knew so much better! How sweetly they have died in that faith to slow music, like Little Nell in "The Old Curiosity Shop"! And now how completely Mr. Forbes Robertson has bowled them all out by being clever enough to be simple.

By the way, talking of slow music, the sooner Mr. Hamilton Clarke's romantic Irving music is stopped, the better. Its effect in this Shakespearean version of the play is absurd. The four Offenbachian young women in tights should also be abolished, and the part of the player-queen given to a man. The courtiers should be taught how flatteringly courtiers listen when a king shows off his wisdom in wise speeches to his nephew. And that nice wooden beach on which the ghost walks would be the better for a seaweedy-looking cloth on it, with a handful of shrimps and a pennorth of silver sand.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

THE Bank Return revealed a decrease in the bullion of £270,337, of which £180,000 had been taken for abroad. Owing to this being the end of the quarter, £1,061,170 more notes circulated, which helped to bring the reserve down £1,331,507. The proportion of reserve to liabilities fell from 50·10 per cent. to 48·87 per cent. Rates hardened somewhat in the Money Market, owing to the end of the quarter and the Stock Exchange settlement. Short loans were arranged on Thursday at about 2 per cent., whilst a good deal of money was borrowed from the Bank for a week at 2½ per cent. Bank bills were in short supply, those of three months date being arranged at 2½, those of six months at 2½.

In the Stock Market new business was handicapped by the settlement. Consols hardened during the week, the price yesterday morning, 111½ for money and 111½ for the account, having shown an advance of ½ on last Saturday's closing. The market for foreign Government securities was almost stagnant.

Home Railways supplied a far more interesting market than had been the case for some weeks. The fear of dearer money having been removed for the time being, the transfer of attention from the Yankee section and interesting traffic receipts all tended to lend interest to these securities. Easterns continued to supply a feature, and by yesterday morning had shown an advance of 2½, at 124, on last Saturday's closing. Metropolitans rose 2 to 129, and Districts ½ to 29½, on prospects of better traffic. Hull and Barnsley were strong at one time, but afterwards relapsed. North-Westerns rose 1½ to 204½, and Dora ½ to 119½. Cora supplied the one depressing element, the price at the opening yesterday, 56½, having shown a loss of ½ on the fact that last week's traffics revealed effects of the engineering strike.

It is pleasant to find one's predictions fulfilled. A fortnight ago we called our readers' attention to the marvellous stagnation in Great Eastern shares, and advised investors to take advantage of their exceeding low price. That week they had hovered in the neighbourhood of 116. The whole of last week, however, found them steadily rising, and when the market closed last Saturday they stood at 121½. This week they have been yet higher. We offer our congratulations to any "Saturday Review" readers who may have taken our advice. But do not let investors be frightened off now by the recent rise, for the shares have by no means attained their zenith yet. The traffic returns are still mounting, and are likely to mount for an indefinite period. When a very moderately capitalized line pays for some of its capital works out of revenue, and at the same time is expanding its trade and throwing out fresh feeders into profitable corners, dividends and prices are bound to move in sympathy. And that is the case with the Great Eastern. Moreover, there is the coal traffic from the new Lancashire, Derbyshire and East Coast Railway to be added to future business, and it is likely to be a substantial addition.

The general contango charge on Yankee Rails was 3½ to 4½ per cent. Interest in these securities subsided somewhat and the course of prices was rather wobbly, the tendency having been to follow New York without displaying any individuality whatever. Nothing of notable importance occurred, and the Market was singularly uninteresting compared with what had been the case during previous weeks.

As in most other departments of the Stock Exchange, new business in the Kaffir Market was handicapped by the Settlement, which passed off easily enough. Last Saturday attention was almost entirely given up to the carry-over, especially as Monday and Tuesday were important Jewish holidays. On Monday the carry-over arrangements were completed, the general charge having varied from 6 per cent. to 9 per cent., whilst 3d. to 4d. was demanded on Chartered and 4 per cent. to 6 per cent. on Goldfields. Very little new business was transacted on Monday, and movements were un-

worthy of note. On Tuesday morning some encouragement was received from information in the "Financial News" that the Crown Deep had crushed with eighty stamps during the first fortnight in September, and before the end of the month would be crushing with 100 stamps; whilst it was added that 7,000 oz. of fine gold might be expected from milling alone. Dealings, however, were once more on a very limited scale. A rise appeared in Henry Nourse, which had already advanced the day before; whilst Chartered and Goldfields attracted attention. Wednesday supplied an excellent example of the unconcern with which the Market has taken to treating sensational telegrams.

News in the morning was all of a depressing character, but none the less prices were distinctly firm, a disposition that was maintained on Thursday. On that day there was more interest outside than inside the House. At the offices of most of the leading Africans, talk of the most bullish description was indulged in, and some even talked of an immediate boom as inevitable. What the real reason for all this might have been it was impossible to discover, though the usual explanation was a rumour that the Transvaal had applied to the Rothschilds on the subject of a loan. The monetary wants of the Transvaal have, of course, been the chief ray of hope in the South African Market.

The course of the Kaffir Market during the past month affords some evidence that the well-managed and dividend-paying mines of the Rand have by no means reached their highest level of prices. These have been steadily maintained even when they have not crept slowly up. Ferreira made one spasmodic attempt to rise about the middle of the month and shot up a point, but dropped next day and have only just regained their former level. Crown Reefs have crept up steadily from 11½ at the beginning of September to 12½ at the end. Henry Nourse, after oscillating slightly about 8½ for the first fortnight, have now moved upwards to 9½. It is clear that there is plenty of room for a further rise in these and other good mines, and that the coming reforms have not so far been discounted. The public has of late held off the South African Market; but it is not at all unlikely that the actual granting of the reforms in the Transvaal may lead to another boom.

The "Financial Times," which has suddenly found salvation on the Rhodesian question and is advising its correspondents to buy Chartered shares for all they are worth, redresses the balance by crying down the shares of Rand gold mines. Kaffir prices are at present, it says, ridiculously high, and the public will not buy until they have petered down to a lower level. It is quite humorous to find this journal in the next paragraph advising the public to buy Chartered shares at 4, on the strength of the "great possibilities" and "ultimate potentialities" of Rhodesia, and the "great advantages that must accrue from the extension of the railway to Buluwayo." The public must indeed be "a hass" if it accepts advice to buy shares whose prospects of a dividend for years to come are wholly infinitesimal, and to leave severely alone undertakings which give a net return to the investor at the present market price of 8, 9, 10, 12 and 15 per cent. after due allowance has been made for the life of each mine and the necessary amortization of the capital invested.

It is, of course, both interesting and profitable to inquire what is the real value of the shares of the well-managed dividend-paying properties of the Rand, and such an investigation is by no means an impossible one. The "Standard and Diggers' News" devotes a long article to the subject this week, and arrives at the pessimistic conclusion that, taking the twenty-five leading outcrop mines of the Central Rand, the average return to the investor at the present market prices is only about 5 per cent. per annum. How this result is obtained is not quite clear, but it is certain that to lump all the mines together and take the average gives utterly misleading results. Each mine should be taken upon its merits, for there is no doubt that the shares of some undertakings stand at inflated prices, whilst there is equally little doubt that others are ridiculously low.

In order that the proper method of calculation may be understood, take the case of one of the best of the Central Rand mines, the Ferreira. This mine is at present making a profit of about £30,000 a month, equal to a dividend on its capital of £90,000 of 400 per cent. per annum. The present market price of its shares is under 21, and the gross return to the investor is therefore 19 per cent. The life of the mine, on the "Standard and Diggers' News" own estimate, which is a low one, is twelve years, and on this basis, calculated at 3 per cent. compound interest, 7 per cent. on the capital invested must be set aside as a sinking fund each year to redeem the purchase money when the mine is exhausted. This leaves a net return to the investor of 12 per cent., and taking 6 per cent. as a fair rate of interest, the real value of Ferreira shares in the market ought to be 42 instead of 21. If the more probable estimate of the life of the mine, seventeen years, be taken, then the net return is 14½ per cent., and the real value of Ferreiras about 47, taking no account of increased profits from further economies in working and the expected reforms in the Transvaal. It is no exaggeration, therefore, to say that the present price of Ferreiras is "ridiculously low." Calculated in similar fashion, Henry Nourse should be 17 instead of 9½, City and Suburban 9½ instead of 6, Crown Reef 16 instead of 12½, Bonanzas 6½ instead of 4½.

Mr. Willie Regan is a gentleman who has acquired a good deal of notoriety during the last few years. He is avowedly a land dealer, and the scene of his operations has hitherto been Africa, though for reasons best known to himself he has preferred transacting business from 41 Threadneedle Street rather than at Johannesburg. Mr. Regan was engaged, in conjunction with Mr. Thomas Sutherst—promoter of bus-strikes and companies—in selling a piece of land in Mashonaland to the Charterland Consolidated, Limited, which was discovered to be without value and caused the collapse of that enterprise. He also had dealings with the Ashantee Princes, over which there was considerable trouble.

Since then there has been, according to Mr. Regan himself, a conspiracy to force him into bankruptcy, and certainly Mr. Regan has figured a good deal before the Official Receiver. On that subject he is writing or causing to be written a book. Most of us had been under the impression that Mr. Regan's business career was at an end, but during the last week the columns of the financial press have been rendered hideous by a wondrous advertisement of "W. F. Regan's system." It is all self-praise of Mr. Regan, and explains what a splendid thing it is to buy land from him. But he is not any longer satisfied with Africa, and is anxious to sell claims in Klondyke. Three of his men, we are told, arrived on the fields last May. This may be so, but we cannot forget an occasion on which Mr. Regan stated that an agent of his arrived in a certain place in Africa within a space of time physically impossible to any traveller that ever lived.

More facts have come to light concerning the Chino-Hooley-Jameson loan. The amount, it will be remembered, is to be £16,000,000, and now it appears that the securities are to consist of the Customs revenue, unfettered by other charges, which should amount to £600,000, as well as the salt and likin charges, which are said to amount to nearly £4,000,000 annually. Until a little more detail is forthcoming regarding these securities it would be premature to criticize.

Among the great men who have recently begotten ideas on the bi-metallic question is Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, wit and man of letters. He is convinced that the present state of Klondyke supplies a useful lesson to "our monometallist maniacs." This new authority on currency questions draws a heartrending picture of six thousand persons in danger of starvation, who to his excited imagination appear to be wallowing in fields of gold. Mr. Jerome gets quite hysterical over the picture, and seems to think it a complete answer to all the arguments of anti-bimetallists. Of course this sort

of thing is terrible rubbish and painful to behold even in a man of Mr. Jerome's intelligence. It is another proof of how much better employed that gentleman is dispensing middle-class humour than instructing the suburbs in currency questions and international politics at a charge of twopence a week.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

WORTHING NURSERIES.

With a share capital of £120,000 in £1 shares and a debenture issue of £80,000 divided into £100 Four and a half per Cent. debentures, the Worthing Nurseries, Limited, has been formed to purchase and amalgamate a number of freehold nurseries at Worthing. The profits are only certified for one year, and although the accountants state that the gross returns are steadily increasing, it would have been more satisfactory to be told that the *net profit* had been increasing during recent years. The purchase price has been fixed at £185,000. The Mayor of Worthing is one of the trustees for the debenture-holders, and several of the directors have experience of the trade.

PURELY PROSPECTIVE.

The London Flats and Dwellings, Limited, belongs to that class of promotion which relies on the prospective. The Company has little that is definite to offer, but the directors talk vaguely of properties which they estimate will bring in £4,679 income. The prospectus states that "in a Company of this sort it is not necessary and not advisable to give in this prospectus more than the above particulars." Quite so! Prospective investors are to aid the payment of £73,700 for properties that they practically know nothing about. The share capital of the Company is £25,000, and there is £50,000 issued in debentures of £25 each. There are no trustees for the debenture-holders mentioned, there is no proper valuation of the property published, and what security the debenture-holders are expected to rely on is not revealed. One can only assume that there is no adequate security! And yet this is coolly announced as "a sound and safe Home investment."

INVITING CONFIDENCE.

Like most persons who have had reason to study the gullibility of English investors, we estimate their intelligence at a very low level. But we shall be none the less surprised if they lend their money to the Zoroastrian Gold Mines, Limited, a new Westralian enterprise, the prospectus of which is so obviously thin and inadequate that a schoolboy could see its weaknesses. The capital of the Company is £160,000, divided into £1 shares, and the property to be acquired consists of 54 acres. For this Mr. Henry George Clark, vendor and promoter, asks £130,000 in cash and shares. Seeing that Mr. Clark has the impudence to ask a luxurious price for the properties, it seems almost incredible that the prospectus does not publish a single dated report; indeed there is no report on the property produced at all, but one or two disjointed generalities of the non-committal kind, followed by the names of seven gentlemen from whose reports, we are told, "the above facts are gathered." Surely the directors do not imagine that the public are such fools as to subscribe on the strength of vague utterances of this kind. The average investor knows but too well that, had the promoter a single reliable up-to-date report, the directors would have been only too desirous to publish it. But they evidently feel the weakness of their position, and bait their prospectus with a list of the most successful Westralian Companies, such as the Ivanhoe, Great Boulder, and Lake View Consols. Was there ever such palpable impudence? To point to a few successful enterprises such as the above is like comparing butter to cheese. The public will no doubt bear in mind that a number of Westralian companies, with prospectuses far more palatable and satisfactory than that of the Zoroastrian Gold Mines, Limited, have proved complete fiascos. Mr. Herbert Allen, of the "Railway Times," director of the Costa Rica Railway, and famous for his virtuous indignation with the old directors of the Nitrate Railways, has allowed his name to appear on this prospectus. It would seem that, disappointed over the

Nitrate Railways affair, he has sought solace on the board of an indifferent mining enterprise of the third class. The chairman of the Zoroastrian, Mr. R. Whieldon Barnell, M.A., B.C.L., is a barrister who has of late dropped into the ranks of the guinea-pigs.

PEAK HILL GOLDFIELD.

The Peak Hill Goldfield, Limited, is another West Australian venture, but of a decidedly more satisfactory character. There is no lack of adequate reports accompanying the prospectus, and these claim to be independent expressions of opinion by Government employés. The English Board of Directors is composed chiefly of business men with experience, while the local Board consists of the Hon. Sir J. G. Lee Steere, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, and a brother of Sir John Forrest. The capital of the Company is £250,000, divided into shares of £1 each. 230,000 shares compose the present issue, 92,000 of these being taken in part payment of the property, whilst the balance of £138,000 is offered to the public. The property to be acquired consists of some twenty-four adjoining mining leases, containing about 157 acres, for which it is proposed to pay about £185,000, which price is to include a ten-head battery in perfect order and other plant as well; 5,000 tons of tailings, containing 1 oz. to 4 ozs. of gold per ton. The purchase price is to be paid as to £92,000 in shares and as to the balance in cash. The list for subscriptions will open on Tuesday next and close the following Thursday.

LEGG & ALSTON.

Legg & Alston, Limited, has been formed to take over and amalgamate seventeen important wine, spirit, beer and mineral water businesses situated in various parts of London and the suburbs. The share capital is £90,000, divided into 60,000 Six per Cent. Cumulative Preference shares of £1 each, and 30,000 Ordinary shares of £1 each, the whole of which is offered for public subscription. The price to be paid for these businesses is £75,000, and the vendor is to take £50,000 in cash, and the remainder in cash or shares. As is the case in so many prospectuses of this class, the accountant's certificate as to net profit is hesitating and unsatisfactory, whilst the valuers' report is practically non-committal. The former only certifies for one year, states that it has been impossible to certify the net profits "exactly," and concludes by stating what these have been "approximately." At the same time no mention is made as to whether profits have been increasing or decreasing. As to the valuers' report it is very cautiously worded. No figures are given, but "the net profit certified" is taken into consideration, as also is "the working capital to be provided," after which the valuers state that they believe the purchase price to be the market value. Certainly this is one of the most extraordinary valuations ever made. A valuer's duty is to value property and stock, not to screen himself behind "working capital to be provided."

THE DEE ESTATES.

The reclamation of the foreshore of a river often proves a lucrative speculation, and it is not surprising, therefore, to find the indefatigable Mr. Hooley turning his attention to reclaiming the marshes which form part of the estuaries of the Dee. According to a statement by Messrs. Chinnock, Galsworthy & Chinnock, which appears in the prospectus of the "Dee Estates, Limited," there are already 3,100 acres of cultivated land on the banks of the Dee, between the city of Chester and Queen's Ferry, which are comprised in the proposed purchase, as well as 1,260 acres of marsh lands which it is intended to utilize for the erection of manufactorys, and a portion of which has already been sold to a firm of ironfounders for that purpose. The principal feature of the new Company's operations will be to add to this property as much land as can be reclaimed from the East and West Estuaries of the Dee and the Mostyn Marshes, which cover an area of about 19,000 acres, and will be acquired by the Company. It is also intended to improve and extend the Mostyn Docks, and to construct a new dock at Connah's Quay. The value of the properties in their present state, exclusive of the minerals, is estimated

at £347,027 by Messrs. Chinnock, who point out that they have only put a nominal value on most of the estuaries. Another valuer estimates the surface value at £360,660. There is no doubt that the land which has already been reclaimed is very fertile and has been proved to be well suited to agricultural purposes, and the nearness of the estate to Liverpool, Birkenhead, and other important commercial centres is the reason assigned by Messrs. Chinnock for their opinion that the value of the properties will continue to increase. Another good reason is supplied by the recent improvements in railway communication, and, as the Board of Directors is distinctly a strong one, the undertaking ought to prove successful. The share capital is £425,000 in 175,000 Five per Cent. Preference shares of £1 each and 250,000 £1 Ordinary shares. There is also an issue of £175,000 Four per Cent. Debentures, making £600,000 in all. Of this sum Mr. Hooley, who is the vendor, is to receive £500,000, and £100,000 will be reserved for working capital. Under all the circumstances, this does not seem too dear, especially as Mr. Hooley volunteers to take half the amount in Debentures or Preference or Ordinary shares, and undertakes to pay all the expenses of the promotion. We need hardly say that all ventures of this sort are somewhat in the nature of a lottery, but the prizes, as in the cases of the river Tees and the river Seine quoted in the prospectus, are worth winning, and Mr. Hooley generally manages to avoid drawing a blank.

MAPLE & CO.

Maple & Co., Limited, was registered six years ago. Its object was to take over the celebrated furniture business in Tottenham Court Road, which was generally believed to be one of the most flourishing concerns of its kind in the world. Including the Governor, Sir John Blundell Maple, M.P., it has a directorate of fifteen persons, all of whom, we presume, are in receipt of substantial fees. The share capital of the Company is a million and a half, besides which another million has been issued in debentures. The firm has built and furnished huge hotels in the West End of London and elsewhere, and has also furnished Royal palaces in foreign capitals. The ordinary dividend has varied from 10 to 12 per cent. The Company now announces an issue of £100,000 Six per Cent. Preference shares. A question naturally arises as to what this apparently prosperous firm, with its two and a half millions share and debenture capital, can want with a paltry £100,000. The Company must be in want of the money or the issue would not have been made. Is it that Sir Blundell's ambitious policy has proved more expensive than remunerative? Can it be that Maple & Co., Limited, like so many others, have found their business transactions with Athens unsatisfactory? In any case this appeal for a "mere drop in the ocean" supplies a mystery which it would be interesting to see solved!

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

MAPLE & CO., LIMITED (Reader, Canterbury).—See above.
NEW CLYDE GOLD MINES, LIMITED (W. and W.).—Whether we publish your reply or not depends upon whether space will permit. But any reply of a reasonable length will be given every opportunity.

GREAT BOULDERS (Lieutenant, R.N., Devonport).—Our advice is to hold your shares.

NON-INFLAMMABLE WOOD COMPANY (Flamma).—We will deal with your letter in next week's issue.

HENRY CLAY BOCK & COMPANY, LIMITED (H. J., Maidstone).—You need not fear. The Company has so far come through the Cuban troubles exceedingly well.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY (E. M. P., Phillimore Gardens).—A good office and suitable for your purpose.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISCIPLINE IN THE SERVICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Unless I again beg for some of your space, it is clear that I shall go virtually unanswered, and that the correspondence will end with nothing more satisfactory than an ex-naval officer setting me an example of dignified composure by gnashing his teeth at me. There is nothing for it but to help my opponents out of their difficulty by answering myself.

The real reason why civilians can maintain discipline in factories without martial law is that the employees, being free to leave if they choose, would not be in the factory at all if they did not wish to stay there. Consequently the fear of "getting the sack" restrains them from insubordination. When they are dismissed, they are dismissed against their will. The case of a sailor is different. A considerable number of persons get seastruck in their boyhood, and commit themselves to a sailor's life only to find it intensely tedious and disagreeable to them when they find out what it really means in comparison with life on shore. If we did not catch our officers very young, and make it clear to them, by the time they have realized their position as grown men, that they had better go through with their term of service for the sake of the comparatively early retirement, the pension, the secure livelihood, and the social rank involved, we should be seriously hampered by the extreme dislike which many of our naval officers have, not so much for their profession, as for the sort of life it involves. It is just the same with the men. If the pecuniary inducements were not even greater in their case, relatively to the standard of their class, than in that of the officers, we should soon be reminded of the fact that in every ship in the fleet there are plenty of steady, good men who are looking forward eagerly to the moment when they will see the last of her.

In the army there is less disappointment of this kind, because the man who enlists nowadays seldom expects anything very romantic, though he probably hardly ever foresees how humiliatingly impious he will be. Borrowing money from domestic servants is but a precarious means of keeping yourself in pocket-money, even if it were quite to the taste of a high-spirited young man. But the want of pocket-money is too pressing for pride. A young soldier with a vigorous appetite seldom feels that he has had as much to eat as he would like; and he always wants more amusement than he can afford to pay for.

Under these circumstances, we are bound to have a certain number of cases of lads in the navy striking their officers in order to escape from the service by dismissal. It is argued that the only way to prevent this is by savage sentences of flogging and imprisonment. Even if the sentences did this, they would not be justified any more than burning the lads alive would be justified if it not only prevented mutiny but guaranteed to England the absolute and eternal supremacy of the sea into the bargain. But the fact that the case which provoked this correspondence has produced fresh cases instead of preventing them shows that they do not prevent it.

With soldiers another class of cases gives trouble. The soldier, to get pocket-money, sells his kit, or some other part of his equipment. Formerly it was argued, on precisely the grounds which have been urged by the anti-humanity party in this correspondence, that if soldiers were not flogged for this offence, the whole army would instantly sell kit, weapons and ammunition, leaving our country defenceless before the soundly lashed soldiers of the Continental Powers. Fortunately we are all reading Lord Roberts now, and have freshly in mind his story of the two soldiers who were flogged for selling their kits, and immediately and manfully sold them again to show that they would not be subdued by such dishonourable means, with the result that their officers, to their tardy honour, were ashamed to flog them again. Lord Roberts does not mention that this surrender of discipline sent all the kits of the regiment into the market, because of course nothing of the sort happened; what he does mention is the trouble he had afterwards with soldiers demoralized by the intimidation system, and how he got rid of all that trouble by taking precisely that view of the case which has convinced the gentlemen who have been posing in your columns as authorities on the art of governing men that I know nothing about discipline.

Here, then, though we have no justification of corporal punishment, we have a difference between the conditions under which a factory is governed and those which prevail in a regiment or a ship. The solution, however, is not to dissimilate the fighting industry from the civil industry, but to assimilate them by civilizing the services.

If a soldier or a sailor is a blackguard, the proper remedy is, not for his officers to outblackguard him by torturing him, but simply to turn him out of the service. If he desires nothing better, then his dismissal is a benefit both to himself and the service. If he does not desire it, then he will do his best to mend his ways so as to be allowed to stay in it. If an officer is a blackguard, a tyrant, or an incompetent nuisance, the proper remedy is for the soldier to refuse to serve under him. This means that the soldier should be as free to leave the army as I am to leave the staff of this journal. To retain a well-conducted soldier in the army against his will is to make a slave of a man who has done nothing to deserve it. Some day, when we get the better of our national cowardice, we shall give up the system of having our fighting done by slaves, and boldly make the soldier and sailor as free as the policeman. The lads who want to leave the fleet so badly that they will strike their officers and face flogging and imprisonment for the sake of the dismissal will be provided with an honourable means of retreat. I look forward to the time when the army will be reformed by a powerful trade-union of the rank and file, which shall drive incompetent officers out of the army as effectually as the cotton operatives of Lancashire drive incompetent employers out of the trade. I would have soldiers perfectly free to strike for higher pay or better conditions in time of war if they chose. For example, I would trust them unhesitatingly with an undisputed legal right to receive an order to charge on the field of battle itself by striking then and there for another twopence a day, if that struck them as a favourable moment. I am perfectly aware that with every demand made and enforced on behalf of the men, the standard of ability among officers would go up, and whole batches of stiff-necked dolts who now blunder their way along, making infinite trouble for the Robertses, and costing the country huge sums for "discipline," would be retired as useless. I am also aware that the army and navy under such circumstances would withdraw from civil activity a much higher class of men than they do at present, and that these would cost more money per man per day than mere "cannon fodder." But if a conflict arose between such an army and cannon fodder, I know whose side I should feel most comfortable on.

I beg Sir Charles Craufurd's pardon for not knowing that when he paid naval officers the compliment of claiming for them, on the ground of their perfection of character, powers which we have made revolutions sooner than entrust to our kings, he was indulging in what he calls "a self-presented testimonial." But I still think him as ludicrously unfit to have any such powers entrusted to him as I should be myself. I am sorry he thinks my style "insinuating": I really thought I had been blunt to the verge of rudeness. Of course I was annoying: anybody but a naval officer would have seen at once that I was purposely provoking him to make an exhibition of himself which should carry conviction to our readers. I am afraid I must admit that my naval "shop" is deplorably behind his: I got the boatswain's mate out of Captain Marryat when I was a boy; and I can only ask Sir Charles to convey my heartfelt apologies to the ship's corporal. I was told by the "Times" that the birch was a cane, and by Sir Charles that the cane was a birch. Sir Charles contradicted the "Times," contradicted me, contradicted himself, contradicted me again, rebuked me for "relying on my imagination" in spite of "perfectly plain language," and finally says I ought to apologize. I do; but I protest that the incident leaves me in utter bewilderment as to where and how that boy was beaten. I am naturally somewhat alarmed by the news from Algiers confirming Sir Charles' statement (which I was far from questioning) that French mutineers are shot; for, if Sir Charles' views of the effect of discipline are correct, the British army, owing to its comparatively lax discipline, will infallibly succumb to the French in the event of an international conflict. As to his advice to me, for my guidance in my profession, it is excellent, and I shall do my best to profit by it. If I can return his kindness at any time by giving him a few hints in navigation, my advice on that subject is cheerfully at his service.—Yours truly,

G. BERNARD SHAW.

REVIEWS.

BURNS.

"The Poetry of Robert Burns." Edited by W. E. Henley and T. F. Henderson. Vol. IV. Edinburgh: T. C. & E. C. Jack. 1897.

THE "Centenary Burns" is now concluded, and we may congratulate every one who is concerned with it on a highly satisfactory piece of work. This final volume is the least important of the four, so far as text is concerned, and much of its space is occupied by apparatus; but it closes with the "Essay on the Life, Genius and Achievement of Burns," by Mr. Henley, to which all students of the poet will turn with curiosity. Before we give our attention to this, however, we will deal with what remains of the text. These Songs and Unauthorized Poems are, unfortunately, the very dregs of the cup. Among the former we find only two, "Ye flowery Banks" and "O wert thou in the cauld blast," the absence of which could produce any real diminution in the wealth of the poet. When he was not inspired, Burns certainly wrote singularly ill. This fact must make us shy of positively denying, upon internal evidence of style alone, the authorship of bad verses attributed to Burns. The Editors close with a section containing a baker's dozen of miscellaneous pieces which they style "Improbables." We are not disposed to defend the authenticity of any of these; but to the most interesting of them, the "Poem on Pastoral Poetry," we must devote a moment or two. This ode, first printed in 1800, is considered by Messrs. Henley and Henderson to have been written by somebody during the lifetime of Allan Ramsay, who is spoken of in the present tense. This would make the latest possible period of it 1758. But the Editors appear to have missed an evidence of date. The writer says:—

"In thy sweet song, Barbauld, survives
Even Sappho's flame!"

The volume of poems which achieved for a short while an astonishing popularity, and caused Mrs. Barbauld to be called the English Sappho, was published (and three times reprinted) in 1773. It is also to be noted that, if Ramsay is spoken of as still alive, so are Milton, Shakespeare and Pope, so that the life is certainly that of poetic immortality. To our ear these verses have a certain twang of Burns at his second-worst, and we hazard the conjecture that he wrote them about 1780, while the brief glory of Mrs. Barbauld was still at its height in provincial places. But the point is immaterial.

We now come to Mr. Henley's essay, which occupies about a hundred pages. Of these the first two, forming a sort of introduction, are heavy and laboured, and might with advantage be omitted. This sort of preface is what a man feels obliged to write, either before he quite knows what he is going to say or else when he has already said all that interests him. These two pages are really needless, and if the reader neglects them and begins on p. 235, he has a great and almost unalloyed pleasure in store for him. Mr. Henley has written nothing better than this essay, nothing more vivid and elastic in style, nothing in a more masculine temper, nothing that touches with a more competent freshness a hackneyed theme. Those who have followed his notes and *ana* are prepared for his attitude to Burns. We confess that it is one with which we find ourselves in almost perfect sympathy. He sees in him a peasant who was a great poet, who wished to be a "buck," and he presents him in those lights to us without palliation and without sanctimoniousness. The Common Burns, as Mr. Henley calls the mere abject worshipper of a doctored portrait of the poet, will probably give a succession of piercing screams as he perceives illusion after illusion being torn away. Sometimes, perhaps, Mr. Henley is too truculent with the Common Burns, and sometimes he seems to lose the sense of proportion a little. On the whole, for instance, we believe that he has made out a case against that sentimental spectre, Highland Mary, but was she worth the expense?

Nothing could be better than the way in which Mr. Henley indicates what the effect of the rough life at

Mount Oliphant must have been upon the boy. On Mrs. M'Lehose and Mrs. Dunlop he is delightful, and he treats the whole "old Hawk" business exactly as it deserves, neither too seriously nor with too much levity. At every turn he lightens the tissue of his disquisition by some phrase or flash of suggestive description which delights the attention. What could be better, for instance, than the little vignette of the wild snatches of song murmured by "some broken man, in hiding among the wet hags; some moss-trooper, drenched and prowling, with a shirtful of sore bones"? His treatment of Burns' love-adventures is as excellent in one way as the Editors' treatment of his text is in another. In the latter case, Messrs. Henley and Henderson have absolutely declined to bowdlerize, even to the curtailing of an epithet. If a poem is not decent enough to be given in full, they omit it altogether. So, in dealing with the career of the most amatory of all modern men of letters, Mr. Henley has more than once or twice to flutter the dove-cotes a little; but he keeps within the strictest bounds of biographical decorum.

When Mr. Henley keeps his eye fixed on Burns, his utterances are generally unimpeachable. We cannot think his illustrations always so happy as his main argument. He has formed an idea that John Knox had "a vast deal in common with Burns." So had Monmouth with Mesopotamia. Burns was a Scotchman and so was Knox; we must confess that the parallel seems to us to end there. But Mr. Henley bestrides his paradox, and informs us that Knox was "a humourist," that "he loved his glass of wine," and that "he abounded in humanity and intelligence." That Knox was intelligent no one will question, and we presume that Mr. Henley can produce chapter and book for the glass of wine. But Knox as a humourist, as a cheery body of the Crochallan Fencible order—this is extraordinary indeed! Where does Mr. Henley find an expression of the humour of Knox, and where of the abundance of his humanity? That the enemy's conception of the great Protestant was absurdly overcharged with black we are quite ready to admit, and that there were noble and solid qualities in the bleak old recusant. But Mr. Henley demands more than this. Knox "wrote merrily" of Cardinal Beaton's murder, but that was scarcely humour or humanity. Really words seem to lose their uses if we are to employ them to make John Knox seem like Burns. Mr. Henley considers that "in the eighteenth century" Knox would have "certainly stood with Burns against the Kirk of Scotland." We are of a totally different opinion. The one guide which Knox acknowledged, the one lamp to his feet, was the Holy Scripture, which he sought to obey with the closest, the most servile literalness. All social and political, literary and historical interests were, in his mind, wholly subservient to the question, "What does my Lord instruct me to think or do?" He is, accordingly, the most complete and consistent example in history of the man who walks in the World by the single light of Revelation. Take away this condition from Knox, and no Knox is left. Nor is it possible to conceive that a Knox in any century would stand with "Holy Willie" and "The Address to the Deil."

We have commented on the vigour and brightness with which Mr. Henley's essay is written. It would be in every way a model piece of critical composition, but for its occasional outbursts of needless violence. Will nothing persuade Mr. Henley how much he loses by talking of "Browning's ridiculous verses" and "that irascible, pompous ass, the Earl of Buchan"? When the Earl is not to be mentioned again, these excessive epithets simply distract the attention, while Browning's verses are not in the slightest degree "ridiculous," but merely happen to take a view of a subsidiary matter which is not, for the moment, Mr. Henley's view. Again, we read of "that very silly and disgusting book, 'The Man of Feeling.'" This must give a strangely false impression of Mackenzie's book to those who have not read it. There is nothing disgusting about "The Man of Feeling." It is a somewhat tedious study of the effect of shyness upon a man whose position demands action from him. It is written in a delicate, rather lady-like, style, with too many tears, it is true, besprinkling the pages, but very prettily. A book which Sir Walter Scott loved to read

and to commend should scarcely be called "disgusting." Again, Helen Maria Williams is only mentioned once by Mr. Henley to be called "that crazy creature." If she was crazy, why so was Burns himself, for her only proof of madness was her sympathy with the French Revolution. She had the spirit to go to France, and was actually almost guillotined as a Girondin, which was unpleasant for her, but hardly proves her crazy. Each of these expressions, and there are more, are blemishes of a class which the best admirers of Mr. Henley would like to see deform his style no longer.

The general effect of this Centenary Edition of Burns can but be advantageous to the critical reader. He will be encouraged to reject the myths which Scotch conventionality have collected about the poet, and, above all, he will realize as he never did before the degree to which Burns was the fulfiller and the inheritor of all that Scottish song had performed and amassed before him. He will no longer waste his vain reverberations of eulogy over Burns for creating lyrics that are proved to be cantos of earlier and ruder efforts of folksong; but he will admire the art which enabled Burns to select, to inlay, to burnish these elementary fragments. But we are not sanguine enough to believe the old conventional sentimentalities are slain. It takes a great deal of trouble to scotch a legend like that which has crystallized round the vagueness of Highland Mary. It takes still more to undermine the popularity of an idyl which, like "The Cottar's Saturday Night," has become part of the very life of a nation. Mr. Henley tells an amusing anecdote about a friend of his who penetrated into Poosie Nancy's and found a print of the "Saturday Night" hanging on its walls. This thing is an allegory, and we are afraid that the Common Burnsite will be long indeed before he hangs "Halloween" in the inmost recesses of his admiration.

SANDOW AND HIS SYSTEM.

"Strength and How to Obtain It." By Eugen Sandow. With Anatomical Chart and Photographic Illustrations. London: Gale & Polden. 1897.

MR. SANDOW'S interesting little volume, his recent communications to the Press and the replies they have drawn, all raise a number of interesting questions. From the evidence supplied in the volume we may dismiss easily the question that will arise in the minds of every one. Are his marvellous strength and muscular developments gifts to him from nature, so making the precise form of training he advocates and practises mere accidental preferences? No one can doubt that supreme excellence in making verses or winning hazards, in lifting weights or conducting bear raids, requires peculiar inborn gifts as well as the most careful training. Although Mr. Sandow tells us that up to the age of eighteen he was a weak and delicate youth, this no more debars an unusual natural endowment than Darwin's want of success at Cambridge makes the "Origin of Species" a mere report of his voyage on the "Beagle." Natural capacity may lie dormant until in due season it is developed by due training. But in this volume Mr. Sandow gives the results of his system of training upon a large number of different persons, and although none of them reached his own eminence, the records of their muscular development and the photographic illustrations of their persons show clearly that Mr. Sandow's methods diligently applied are sufficient to bring quite ordinary persons to a very unusual state of muscular development.

The system is simplicity itself. He has a considerable acquaintance with at least the kind of muscular anatomy studied by artists, and he has devised a series of movements which exercise in turn all the better known muscles. The exercises are arranged so that what are sometimes called compensating muscles are used in turn, and the pupil following the course cannot increase the size of, say, his biceps without a corresponding increase in the triceps. The correlations that exist among the larger and smaller muscles are so numerous that we do not doubt but that Mr. Sandow's series of exercises reaches beyond the muscles at which it is deliberately aimed, and affects favourably prac-

tically every muscle in the body. We think it more than probable that the ordinary man in the street by devoting half an hour a day to the system for a year or so might work up his frame into such a form as mediæval artists used in depicting their prize-fighting apostles. We have equally little doubt but that the general health of one who used the exercises would be greatly improved. A gradual and temperate increase in muscular fibre all over the body must bring with it an increase in the power and activity of all the vital organs: the vessels and heart, the nerves and brain, the muscles, the respiratory and excretory organs would certainly benefit. The system excludes exhaustion by its temperate progression. And, from the fashion in which different parts of the body are exercised equally, it does not bring about overthrow of the physiological rhythm, or of the intimate adjustment of nervous supply and circulation to muscles. The devotees of the system would be in admirable condition for a midnight brawl, for life in the backwoods or for the Chilkoot Pass, and we see no particular reason to prevent their being admirable citizens, business men, politicians, or dramatic critics.

It is quite obvious that this system of physical culture requires no special dieting, or what is called "training" in athletic circles. Mr. Sandow insists on the cold bath and on reasonable moderation in the gratification of the appetites—in fact, upon the simple conditions of normal healthy life. He allows people to smoke, to eat and to drink as they find suitable to their individual temperaments. Indeed, he attaches a considerable value to the spontaneous dictates of individual fancy in diet. Here he is much more in consonance with the modern schools of medicine than with older practitioners and athletic trainers. In health and in disease alike, doctors of former times were accustomed to a calvinistic distrust of the natural man. They saw something of original sin in the gratification of the individual taste, and were inclined to see danger in everything that was pleasant. It is now fairly recognized that a man in ordinary health, or even in disease unless that disease directly affects the alimentary canal, has a fair guide to the physiological wants of his body in the cravings of his palate. The *vis medicatrix naturæ* is now supposed to have not only a passive healing power, but an active prescribing power.

A more difficult set of questions arises when we try to follow the methods of Mr. Sandow in their application to specific branches of athletics. Mr. Sandow himself allows that for excellence in his special department—the raising of heavy weights—his general system must be supplemented by special instruction given personally by an expert. And the trainers of rowing men, running men, and cycling men alike insist that a course involving special attention to special qualities is necessary. Indeed, they go so far as to say that a general development is on the whole against the supreme development of special qualities. Moreover, there may be noticed among the votaries of the different specialized branches of athletics the result of a kind of natural selection. If there were grouped together a few record-breakers of the track and the path, a set of 'Varsity oarsmen and a few weight-lifters, he would be a very unobservant man who could not in the vast majority of cases assign correctly to each man his particular vocation from study of his obvious physical characters. Mr. Sandow is convinced that his system, in addition to the special training, would turn out a far better 'Varsity crew than is produced by present methods. He has offered to put it in practice if a crew will submit itself to him for half an hour daily for six months or so. We can only wonder that Oxford or Cambridge should not eagerly take the opportunity. One thing is certain, that whether or no the Sandow crew should come to win the race, its members would be sounder in lungs and heart and brains than five out of eight of ordinary crews.

The special feature of athletic training as it is carried out at the Universities is a rigid discipline of hours and diet. Although a good deal of pretence is made that the food of men in training is physiologically satisfactory, every unprejudiced person who has observed a crew in course of training knows that the health of most of the men is below par. They are nervous and

irritable, and their spirits alternate between a morose gloominess and an hysterical, boisterous gaiety. Mr. Sandow would abolish this by the simple device of letting the men follow the ordinary routine of their healthy lives, with, of course, an avoidance of such excesses as sitting up all night at cards or looking too long on the wine when it is red. Those who have had the misfortune to listen to college coaches as they discourse on anatomy and physiology, as understood by boat clubs, will readily recognize the extreme improbability of the advice of Mr. Sandow being followed. The Universities follow tradition rather than sense in athletics, as in most other mental and physical activities with which they concern themselves. We should strongly advise the boat club of some minor college to despise the ordinary routine, to choose their crews from general physical promise, to train them on the system of Mr. Sandow as well as on the river, and in due course to challenge the winner of next year's Boat-race.

THE PREFACE TO ROMANCE.

"Periods of European Literature—II. The Flourishing of Romance and the Rise of Allegory. 1100-1300." By Professor Saintsbury. London: Blackwood. 1897.

THE titles of the works which Mr. Saintsbury, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh, has selected, introduced, prefaced, edited, translated, or written, fill five pages of the British Museum Catalogue, and of these barely five per cent. have any claim to be original productions. Any work therefore which is written altogether by the Professor forms a sort of epoch in his career, and it is not unreasonable to suppose that the present book is intended to mark his inexplicable appointment to a Chair of Literature.

The two centuries which form the subject of this last addition to the literature of literature are among the most interesting. It would be difficult to parallel the intellectual activity which found its focus in the little district in the valley of the Seine which then formed France—an activity which affected all lands from Syria to Iceland, from the Pyrenees to Moscow, which gave us in a few short years the University of Paris, *Notre Dame*, and the "Roman de la Rose." Great periods in the history of Europe have passed away leaving no adequate records in literature; but this age, 1100-1300, found men welded into one body by the religious enthusiasm of the Crusades and gave them a literature filled with a spirit entirely its own, in a language whose strange and solemn music fills the imagination of whoever has heard it worthily. A literature which includes the "Dies Irae" and the loosest of the *fabliaux*, and whose works range in size from the gigantic library of the Arthur Romances to the lyrics of Walther von der Vogelweide, can hardly be dealt with at any length in a small book. Yet it would be hard to name any important work which is not referred to by Professor Saintsbury, while three-quarters of the book is filled with synopses of minor works. Without any claims to mediæval scholarship, Professor Saintsbury assumes the position of a scholar and a critic. As long as he is on well-trodden paths this can do no harm, for the men who have edited mediæval French literature have been generally of the first rank; but when he places himself in the position of deciding against the authority of men like Gaston Paris, Holland and Förster on such matters as the date of *Marie de France* and the French verse romances of the Arthurian series he places himself in a preposterous position. Moreover, in the forced comparison between the Icelandic and Provençal literatures, he runs a serious risk of misleading those into whose hands the book may be placed. For any critical value his remarks have, he might have added that they were both written with an alphabet and that they were in different languages. Wide as the poles asunder, there is not even the similarity of purpose in opposition to lead a scholar to consider them together. It is, however, unlikely that any one will go to Professor Saintsbury for literary criticism, and the statements of fact in the chapter are generally accurate. This is unfortunately more than can be said for the chapter on Spanish and Italian Literature, where the Professor's

encyclopaedic knowledge is hampered by the fact that Ticknor is superseded. He is thus ignorant that the Avilés Charter is a proved forgery, and the way in which he hesitatingly attributes to King Alfonso the translation of the "Tesoro" of Brunetto speaks volumes for his critical power when his authorities fail him. Let him read Wolf if he is thinking of writing a work on early Spanish literature.

Apart from this, Professor Saintsbury may be trusted as giving the general opinion of competent scholars. The first chapter, on the Latin literature of the period, though it shows him to be totally ignorant of scholastic philosophy in the original, and apparently ignorant of what scholars, like Mr. Rashdall, who have read much mediæval Latin think of its literary qualities, contains some fairly good, if commonplace, criticism of mediæval Latin verse and its influence on modern tongues. Professor Saintsbury shows how even the barbarisms which horrify the Latinist gave facility to the writer, form to his verse, arrangement and vocabulary to his prose.

Professor Saintsbury's chapter on the "Matter of Britain" has with justice been severely handled by Mr. Nutt, but it is after all one of the least bad in the book. The sources of the Arthurian Legend are to this day debated with the gentle amenities introduced by Renaissance grammarians and cultivated by German men of science, and, to use Professor Saintsbury's words, the *data* of the discussion are usually mere *speculatio*. An argument founded on the identification of a magic cauldron "which fed people at discretion" as the special original of the Holy Grail, would inspire a less "experienced critic" than our author with distrust. He is more lenient to the theory of Byzantine influence than a competent student would have been, but his final conclusion is sound: all the elements of this story—"classical rhetoric, Oriental extravagance, French gallantry, Celtic vague [sic], Saxon religiosity"—are co-ordinated and refashioned by that peculiar bent of mind which is the English genius. The story of Lancelot and Guinevere, of Tristram and Isolde, is the contribution of England to the literature of the Middle Age.

So far we have dealt with the subject matter of the book. For the rest, it is written in the Professor's well-known style; it is a monumental example of slipshod expression, confused thought, and weak grammar. The only explanation we can offer to ourselves is that the Professor has consciously resolved to play the part of a Helot of literature before the young Spartans of Edinburgh. Whether or no, the book will serve admirably as an example of nearly every error known to critics. We leave as a first exercise to the students of Edinburgh the following passage taken at random:

"The next or lyrical division shows Hartmann more favourably, though still not exactly as a great poet. The 'Frauenminne,' or profane division, of these (sic) has something of the artificial character which used very unjustly to be charged against the whole love-poetry of the Middle Ages, and which certainly does affect some of it. There is nowhere the 'cry' that we find in the best of Gottfried's 'nightingales'—the lyric poets as opposed to the epic" (p. 248). What the last sentence means, we cannot even conjecture.

To speak plainly, if the object of the work is to interest in mediæval literature those who know nothing of it, Professor Saintsbury has wholly failed. Written to conciliate two classes—the pupil who has to simulate a knowledge of literature at a certain fixed date, and the general reader—it is neither an encyclopedic text-book nor a worthy piece of criticism. On the other hand, it is often correct in its account of other men's opinions as to the great literature of the period—the mediæval French. The public and the publisher have at any rate the certainty that till the editor writes his promised work on the late nineteenth century this book must be the worst of the series.

THE RIDDLE OF EXISTENCE.

"Guesses at the Riddle of Existence; and other Essays." By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. New York: the Macmillan Company. 1897.

THE title of this book is something of a surprise to us. We had thought that Dr. Goldwin Smith never guessed, but always knew. It is a relief to find

that least frame trifle trend last, there belief the e discough thought critic ortho only schol historiatio scienc The 1 of real on the his pu Pattis than off " Dr. is, to abreac He ap relab autho of fai read conti sibly surren of the domin an eas and A Coler of not bridge much teache to min not ha sure o famou placed be br gover interf older a of law may, no dif what C Wit Smith reader and cl spect f content try to and h mecha he nat never He m Engl nor th scorn. Dr. man se his cha ments is curi on p. old M Nor do famous simile

that he too is mortal, even to the extent that some at least of his guessing seems wide of the mark. The frame of mind revealed in these essays is, perhaps, a trifle out of date on this side; it represents the tone and trend of English opinion in the third, rather than in this last, quarter of the century. In the present generation there has been a marked reaction towards religious belief; or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that the effects of science and criticism upon belief have been discovered to be less destructive than at one time was thought. The recent movement of the best German criticism of the New Testament in a conservative or orthodox direction is a very remarkable phenomenon, only paralleled by the similar reversion of so cautious a scholar as Harnack himself to older views in the field of historical research. Nor is it now held that the foundations of Christianity have yielded to the solvent of science so completely as at one time it was supposed. The late George Romanes, who owed much to that man of real genius, Aubrey Moore, may be said to have done on the lines of physical science what T. H. Green and his pupils have done in the field of philosophy. Mark Pattison never said a truer (or a more ill-natured) word than when he complained of the Churchmen for carrying off "Green's honey to their own hive."

Dr. Goldwin Smith's preface is sufficient, brief as it is, to show that he has scarcely been able to keep abreast with the movement of thought in this country. He appears to think, for instance, that with the general abandonment of belief in miracles, and that of the authenticity of Genesis, is involved the disappearance of faith in the Fall, the Redemption, and the Incarnation! Yet it appears from the first essay that he has read "Lux Mundi," or at least a part of it. Had he continued his studies, the learned professor might possibly have discovered that what is really involved is the surrender of the Anselmian and Augustinian theories of these doctrines, which have for many centuries dominated the Western Church; and the reversion to an earlier view of them, held by Clement of Alexandria and Athanasius, and set forth in this country by S. T. Coleridge and F. D. Maurice. Two American teachers of note, Mr. John Fiske and Professor Allen, of Cambridge (Massachusetts), have brought this out with much clearness. The position to which even orthodox teachers among ourselves are rapidly moving in regard to miracle is this: that Matthew Arnold's "miracles do not happen" is just what cannot be said with the cocksure confidence which never failed the author of that famous sentence. If they do happen, they must be placed in the category of phenomena which cannot yet be brought under known law. But that they are governed by law is undoubted; they are no capricious interferences with the law of the universe, as some older apologists maintained, but simply manifestations of laws which man has not yet discovered, though he may, and perhaps will, yet discover them. "I know no difference," said Clement of Alexandria, "between what God has revealed and man has discovered."

With this qualification we may say that Dr. Goldwin Smith's "presentation of a plain case to the ordinary reader" is characterized by all the robustness of thought and clearness of expression which we have learnt to expect from him. He is perhaps a little impatient and contemptuous towards those Christian apologists who try to construct new views of Scriptural inspiration; and he is evidently unaware that the hard and mechanical doctrine of verbal inspiration, from which he naturally revolts, is comparatively modern, and has never been adopted by the Christian Church as a whole. He may rest assured that the more thoughtful of English expositors and preachers hold neither that view nor the "semi-inspiration" upon which he pours his scorn.

Dr. Goldwin Smith's treatment of the immortality of man seems to us somewhat thin; and in the course of his chapter on the subject he commits himself to statements which are, to say the least, open to criticism. It is curious to come across so antique a remark as that on p. 132, showing that Dr. Smith is still afraid of the old Malthusian bogey, the pressure of population. Nor does he seem to see that his criticism of Paley's famous illustration of the watch utterly fails if the simile be merely altered from a watch to (say) a flower.

With that slight change the reasoning still holds good.

One is always grateful to a writer who thinks freely and clearly, and expresses his thought with vigour and courage. For this we are grateful to Dr. Goldwin Smith. He has given us a book which will act as a healthy tonic to many minds, which all of us can read with pleasure, and not a few with profit and gratitude. That it speaks the decisive word on the momentous questions of which it treats, the author himself would be the first to deny.

THE JOURNAL OF SIR GEORGE ROOKE.

"The Journal of Sir George Rooke, Admiral of the Fleet, 1700-1702." Edited by Oscar Browning. Navy Records Society. 1897.

THIS is one of the publications of the Navy Records Society, a series which will be of incalculable value to the historians of the future. The present volume unfortunately for general readers is not concerned with the exploit which has made Rooke's name immortal, the capture of Gibraltar, but is the diary kept by him while engaged on the expedition to the Sound in 1700, and the attack on Cadiz and Vigo in 1702. The first of these adventures is of very little interest now. Its object was to prevent a war between Sweden and Denmark which might, by embroiling the Northern Powers, have seriously interfered with the designs of William III., then preparing for the complications certain to ensue on the daily expected death of Charles II. of Spain. Rooke has not the pen of a lively or picturesque writer, and consequently has not the art of investing with interest what has no interest in itself. We are, we own, almost as relieved as he must have been to get the Peace of Trevalet signed and to disembark with him at Ramsgate. But the attacks on Cadiz and Vigo in the autumn of 1702 stand on quite a different footing, and we are glad to be put in possession of documents which throw additional light on one of the most humiliating and one of the most fortunate incidents in our naval and military history. The minutes of the Council of War held on 17 September, printed by Mr. Oscar Browning, show that the reasons for the retreat from Cadiz were the obstinate inclination of the Spaniards in Andalusia to oppose the house of Austria, the unfavourable season of the year, the difficulty of supplying the Dutch troops with provisions from their fleet, the diminution of the forces by the detachment for the West Indies and sickness among the soldiers. Fate was certainly kind to Rooke. There can be little doubt that, had it not been for the pride and obstinacy of the Spanish, he and Ormonde would never have been able to retrieve their failure at Cadiz. Never was a more fortunate accident than the accident which enabled him to annihilate the Franco-Spanish fleet in the bay of Vigo.

In addition to Rooke's "Journal," Mr. Browning prints many interesting and important minutes and letters, with charts illustrating most helpfully the operations in the Sound, at Cadiz and in Vigo Bay. His notes, though brief and not numerous, are very useful, and his introduction is lucid and judicious. His topographical information is particularly valuable.

MR. BRET HARTE'S NEW STORY.

"Three Partners." By Bret Harte. London: Chatto & Windus. 1897.

IT is nearly thirty years since Mr. Bret Harte began to write, and in this country we hardly realize how prolific he has been. An American bibliography which lies before us credits him with the publication of thirty five distinct books up to 1893, and this list is certainly not complete. Those of us who are in middle life can remember the sensation caused, just at the death of Dickens, by the appearance of "The Luck of Roaring Camp." It seemed as though a new genius had arisen to take the place of the man whom we had just lost. But Mr. Bret Harte, delightful as his Californian romances were, showed no tendency to expand. In point of fact, his talent remained absolutely stationary. He had learned one charming little trick, and he did it

over and over again. He does it still, and we hardly give our attention any longer to the neatness and prettiness of it, because we are so perfectly familiar with the mode in which it is performed.

In "Three Partners" the old pack of cards, once so brilliant, now so sadly dulled and dog-eared, is shuffled once more. It is in the same California of 1867 or so that the scene is laid, with so quiet a complacency that we were inclined at first to suppose this a reprinted story. It seems, however, to be new; Mr. Bret Harte has observed nothing fresh, of any importance, since 1867. But there is one sign of change which is particularly unwelcome. From the very beginning those who knew the West assured us that Mr. Bret Harte's pictures of it, picturesque as they might be, borrowed a great deal of their colour from sentimental illusion. This sentimentality advances, and in his recent books it obtrudes in a fashion that is quite tiresome. "Three Partners" might carry, as its sub-title, the words: "Scenes of Mining Life for Maiden Ladies." There is no semblance of reality left in the moral adventures of these high-minded ruffians and tender-hearted forgers. One feels that to Mr. Bret Harte the pioneer has become neither more nor less than what the shepherd was to an Elizabethan poet.

There is a "prologue" to "Three Partners," in which we read how three friends—Stacy, Demorest, and Barker—have struck gold at last on the crest of Heavy Tree Hill. They have made a large fortune, and are leaving next day, but cannot resist keeping three huge nuggets in their cabin to the last, by which they lash the envy of their less lucky neighbours to fury. Sensibility walks naked and unabashed in the cabin of the fortunate Three. Stacy is a hard-headed man of the world, Demorest a dreamer, and Barker a sunny-hearted, feather-headed child of joy. The troubles which fall upon them, and produce the intrigue of the book, would all be prevented if these three men would frankly describe to one another the phenomena which meet their individual notice. But when Stacy discovers that an attempt has been made, with kerosene oil and brushwood, to burn their cabin over their ears, he withholds a knowledge of this fact from Demorest and Barker because he thinks it would pain them very much. If he had told them, Demorest would probably have found the heart to tell him of an attempt made, doubtless by the same persons, a few hours earlier, to rob the cabin. Barker—maddeningly addressed in conversation as "Barker boy"—is younger than the two others, and, as afterwards transpires, a born fool, if ever there was one. Still he is quite experienced enough for the reader to resent intensely the old-maidishness of his two companions, who speak to one another of "our dread of tainting Barker with our own knowledge of evil," by letting him know of the attack on their cabin. This is playing right down to the Suburban Nonconformist, but we believe it is overdone. Barker and his friends are too "goody-goody" even for Upper Norwood.

It is all a great pity, because Mr. Bret Harte has individual gifts which even his recent carelessness and insincerity cannot conceal. But the fatal cause of his decline is, that his psychological powers, always primitive, have now, by habitual abuse, sunken to nothing at all. Such marionettes as Jack Hamlin, the mysterious saint-sinner of this book, or as Steptoe, its one irredeemable villain, are childish enough to make an angel weep. Yet the story itself, in its conventional construction, is as skilfully conducted as ever; it speeds on to its foreknown and mechanical finale without a hitch. We have everything we could expect: the dartings into mountain hotels and out again, the "saintly blackguards" who do marvels of unselfish Quixotism at moments of crisis, the violent fluctuations of financial luxury and penury, the regulation visit to the old Catholic mission, all the familiar nods and quips of the now wearied showman, whose ease and rapidity in evolution really begin at last to add to our discomfort, so entirely is he seen to lack a sincere interest in his own manipulations. And yet—so excellently did he learn his trade some thirty years ago—one precious quality sticks to Mr. Bret Harte. Stale as his stories are, they are still invincibly readable.

LITERARY NOTES.

A NEW book by Mr. Rudyard Kipling is in the hands of Messrs. Macmillan; it is called "Captains Courageous: a Story of the Green Banks." The same publishers are also producing Mr. Marion Crawford's romance, "Corleone," and Miss Mary Kingsley's "West African Studies." Their "Foreign Statesmen's" series is being advanced by volumes on "William the Silent," by Mr. Frederic Harrison; "Charles the Great," by Dr. Thomas Hodgkin; "Philip II. of Spain," by Major Martin Hume; and "Mirabeau," by Mr. P. F. Willert.

Wild flowers have loomed large in recent literature, but doubtless there is still room for Mrs. Arthur Bell's "Wild Flower Journal," which Messrs. Sampson Low are shortly publishing. It not only catalogues the English and scientific names of all the known specimens in the British Isles, but leaves space for the collector to fill in the date and locality of every flower picked.

Mr. Pierre Le Clercq, a member of the well-known theatrical company, is making his débüt as a novelist with a story of a metaphysical character, entitled "Concerning Charles Roydant." Messrs. Digby, Long are producing it, together with Miss Sarah Tytler's new novel, "The American Cousins."

To the perennial flow of sporting works, Messrs. Seeley are adding two fresh volumes, "Mountain, Stream and Covert," by Mr. Alexander Innes Shand, and "Nights with an Old Gunner," by Mr. C. J. Cornish.

The suspended little monthly publication "Tomorrow" is being revived under the fostering care of Mr. Grant Richards.

After a lapse of over thirty years from their first appearance Mr. W. S. Gilbert has undertaken to revise and re-edit the "Bab Ballads," replacing the old illustrations in most cases by fresh work from his pen. He is also adding to them a selection of songs from the Savoy operas. The new edition is in preparation at Messrs. Routledge's.

The new publications for this month at Ruskin House include "The Principles of Criticism," by Mr. W. Basil Worsfold, which is designed as an introduction to the study of literature; "Renaud of Montauban," by Mr. Robert Steele; and a translation by Mr. H. Oskar Sommer of Hans Andersen's fairy tales, with a hundred illustrations and initials by Mr. Arthur Gaskin.

To-day has been fixed by Messrs. Smith, Elder for the issue of Mr. James Breck Perkins's work on "France under Louis XV."

The annals of black and white would be incomplete without a permanent tribute to the late Charles Keene. This Mr. Fisher Unwin is supplying in a representative volume, fully illustrated with the artist's work and introduced by Mr. Joseph Pennell. Another work of art interest from the same firm is "The Printers of Basle in the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries: their Biographies, Printed Books and Devices," by Mr. Charles William Heckethorn.

An historical romance, dealing with the civil wars in the North of England, with elaborate local colouring, has been written by Mr. Wrightson and entitled "John Royston." It will be published by Messrs. Mawson, Swan & Morgan of Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The adventures of an American girl in the Rocky Mountains, told by herself, is about to be issued by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. The author of "Bushy" is Miss Cynthia M. Westover.

What will be to most people "A New Book of the Fairies," by Miss Beatrice Harraden, is being reprinted by Messrs. Griffith & Farran. The first edition was brought out in quarto form in 1891, and has been long out of print.

The theological contributions from the Clarendon Press include the first part of "The Peshitto Version of

the Gospels," edited by Mr. G. H. Gwilliam; "The Coptic Version of the New Testament in the Northern Dialect (otherwise called Memphitic and Bohairic)"; and "Latin Versions of the Canons of the Greek Councils of the Fourth and Fifth Centuries," by Mr. C. H. Turner.

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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(For This Week's Books see page 376.)

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References as to the *bona fides* of this appeal can be made to Sir FREDERICK YOUNG, J.P., K.C.M.G., 5 Queensberry Place, South Kensington, S.W.; ANDREW JOHNSTON, Esq., J.P., Chairman of the Essex County Council, 35 New Broad Street, E.C.; ALFRED PREVOST, Esq., J.P., Mayor of Southend-on-Sea; T. A. WALLIS, Esq., Indigent Blind Visiting Society, 27 Red Lion Square, W.C.; Rev. T. W. HERBERT, Vicar of Southend-on-Sea; E. A. WEDD, Esq., J.P., Chairman County Bench, Southend and Rochford.

THE SCHOOL FOR THE INDIGENT BLIND,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS, SOUTHWARK.

Junior Branch School—

WANDSWORTH COMMON, S.W.

PATRON—HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

Upwards of 220 blind people receive the benefit of this Charity. Candidates totally blind, between the ages of 7 and 21, are elected by votes of subscribers, and (free of all cost) are received for six years at least, during which they are educated, taught a trade, and instructed in music if of sufficient ability.

SPECIAL APPEAL FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Average legacies for the ten years ending 1874 ... £9,000

" " " 1884 ... £8,409

" " " 1894 ... £3,747

£5,000 reserved money sold out during the last two years.

Bankers' account overdrawn £1,000 (increasing).

An Annual Subscription of One Guinea entitles the donor to one vote for each vacancy at all elections; Life Subscriptions, Ten Guineas.

Bankers—LLOYDS BANK, LIMITED, 54 St. James's Street, S.W.

ST. CLARE HILL, M.A., *Chaplain and Secretary.*

British Orphan Asylum, SLOUGH.

FOR the Maintenance and Education of Destitute Orphans from all parts of the British Empire, of all denominations, whose parents were once in prosperous circumstances. Orphans are admitted between the ages of 7 and 12, and are retained until 15.

The Committee earnestly appeal for increased support of an Institution which has been carrying on its work of usefulness nearly 70 years, and which is dependent on Voluntary aid.

Subscriptions and Donations most thankfully received.

Annual Subscriptions:—For One Vote, 10s. 6d.; for Two Votes, £1 1s.; Life Subscription for One Vote, £5 5s.; for Two Votes, £10 10s.

Bankers—MESSRS. WILLIAMS, DEACON, AND MANCHESTER AND SALFORD BANK, Limited, 20 Birch Lane, E.C.

Offices—62 BISHOPSGATE STREET WITHIN,
LONDON, E.C.

CHARLES T. HOSKINS,

Secretary.

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WM. DAWSON & SONS, LIMITED, Successors to
STEEL & JONES, 23 Craven Street, Strand, London, W.C.

London Diocesan Board of Education.

AN APPEAL ON BEHALF

OF THE

CHURCH SCHOOLS OF LONDON.

WE, the undersigned members and supporters of the London Diocesan Board of Education, appeal most earnestly to Churchmen, and to all who value the preservation of Christian Education in our Public Elementary Schools, for funds to enable the Diocesan Board to maintain in efficiency the work in which it has been engaged for more than half a century, and to place that work upon a more permanent financial footing.

We have every reason to expect that, during the coming year, Voluntary schools will receive from the Legislature, in some form or another, the assistance they both need and deserve. We are therefore anxious that the Schools dependent upon the Board for support may be in a position to take the utmost advantage of that relief.

There are many schools in the poorer parts of the Diocese which have long been maintained by the most praiseworthy exertions of Churchmen, in the face of the greatest difficulties and of severe pressure. The Diocesan Board has, from time to time, been compelled to undertake the financial management of twenty-two such schools, with fifty-six departments, and more than 13,000 children on the books, in order to give relief to the local managers, and so prevent their abandonment. The majority of these, and, indeed, of all our Church Schools, are among the most popular and efficient within the London School Board area; and to lose any of them would be little short of disastrous to the cause of religious education.

It has been carefully estimated that, to meet the present need, a sum of £6,000 is absolutely required. We therefore earnestly commend the London Diocesan Board and its work to the sympathy and liberal support of the Church-people of London; and we would impress upon them that, if liberal assistance is promptly forthcoming, the relief so given will be permanent in its effect.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

WESTMINSTER.

WINCHILSEA.

ALDENHAM.

EGERTON OF TATTON.

GRIMTHORPE.

G. G. BRADLEY, Dean of Westminster.

T. DYKE ACLAND.

FRANCIS S. POWELL, M.P.

EDWARD CARR GLYN, Vicar of Kensington and Rural Dean.
JOHN G. TALBOT, M.P.

W. H. BARLOW, D.D., Vicar of Islington and Rural Dean.

E. A. EARDLEY-WILMOT, Prebendary of Wells and Vicar of St. Jude's, South Kensington.

H. W. P. RICHARDS, Prebendary of St. Paul's and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields.

DAVID ANDERSON, Rector of St. George's, Hanover Square.

RICHARD BENYON, J.P. for Berks.

WILLIAM BOUSFIELD, 20 Hyde Park Gate, W.

RICHARD FOSTER, 48 Moorgate Street, E.C.

F. B. PALMER, Glaistead, Streatham, S.W.

H. W. PRESCOTT, 50 Cornhill, E.C.

J. A. SHAW STEWART, 71 Eaton Place, S.W.

G. A. SPOTTISWOODE, 3 Cadogan Square, S.W.

Annual Subscriptions and Donations to the General and Poor Schools Relief Fund of the London Diocesan Board of Education should be made payable to JOHN HILL, Esq., Financial Secretary to the Board, Church House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, S.W., or may be paid through Lloyds Bank, Limited (Herries, Farquhar Branch), 16 St. James's Street, S.W.

THE CLAIMS OF
VOLUNTARY SCHOOLS.

Present controversy on the claims of Voluntary schools has, at least, two indisputably good results. The public has clearly seen the extent and value of the Church's past services to elementary education, and the Church has learnt to measure her future task, and to take heart for it.

We write on behalf of a district which has claims upon the nation second to none, and in which the educational work of the Church is beset with such special difficulties that men's hearts may easily fail them in its contemplation.

The Diocese of Rochester contains, besides Chatham, Gravesend, &c., the whole area of South London—many miles of squalid tenements, closely packed with poor and struggling workers, far removed from the few districts in the Diocese which are able to give them help.

What the importance of the school is as a social, civic, and religious influence in such a region needs no telling; and whatever duty the Church has in regard to the schools must be here, at once, most urgent and most difficult.

The record of the past three years is that, under the stimulus of the well-known Circular of the Department, £125,000 has been given and spent by Churchmen in the diocese upon fabrics alone; and what were, in some cases, dingy, ill-ventilated buildings, have been transformed into bright and wholesome schools.

The task thus laid upon the Church was heavy, because she had been at work educating the poor long before any State aid was given—in some cases even in the last century—so the buildings were often antiquated, and that especially in parishes such as those on the river bank, which, because they were the oldest centres of population, had become the poorest.

This heavy work would have been impossible if the Diocesan Board of Education had not been able (besides much indirect aid and encouragement) to make grants which have amounted to £3,583.

Now, as to the future.

We need £1,000 to complete the work of defence and repair, by paying grants, which we have conditionally promised, and relieving managers who have pledged their private resources to architects and builders.

But we would fain also recover lost ground. In the panic after 1870 the Diocese lost about fifty schools (in the last thirteen years she has only lost three). We are inquiring into the condition and present use of these buildings. We hope to recover some of them. It would immensely assist us to do so if a few Churchmen would promise us a definite sum, upon which we could make a proportionate claim for every reopened school.

And then there is new ground. What that means, an hour or so spent in Battersea, Greenwich, Plumstead, and many other districts would quickly and vividly show, by the token of a vast acreage of newly sprung and ever-extending streets. It is not right that, in such neighbourhoods, all the parents should be forced to send their children to the Board schools for lack of Church schools, and it has been proved that many of them prefer Church schools, even where the premises are homely, and they only have tens, where the Board schools have hundreds, of children.

Since 1870, seventy-two new parishes have been formed in the Diocese, but only sixteen have been supplied with Church schools. This is not surprising, seeing that the Church and endowment have had to be provided. Some of the new parishes are now anxious to have schools, and in several cases sites are awaiting us if they can be promptly occupied. But Church schools can only be built in such districts by a large measure of central help and encouragement, and we should be thankful indeed if our Diocesan Board had a sum of £5,000, which it could turn to excellent account, by making loans on new school buildings. We ought to have as much more to make grants, given on condition that treble the amount is raised from other sources.

There is no doubt that we ought to ask to be entrusted with £11,000 for the work of the next five years.

Considering the scale and the importance of the work, is it too large a demand, or larger than the attitude which the Church has taken towards the Government and Parliament in the matter of her schools entitles, or rather bids, us to make?

Are there not those who have made fortunes by the labours of South Londoners, or by the sale of their land to the speculative builder, who will recognize the debt which they owe, and make the Diocesan Board their almoner?

Contributions to this work will be gladly received by the Bishop of Rochester; by the Secretary of the Board, the Rev. A. W. Maplesden, The Church Institute, Upper Tooting; or by the Westminster Branch of the London and County Bank.

EDWARD ROFFEN.
HUYSH SOUTHWARK.
CHARLES BURNETT.
J. ERSKINE CLARKE.
C. E. BROOKE.

Bishop's House, Kennington.

The LISTS will OPEN at 10 A.M. on Tuesday, 5th October, and CLOSE on Thursday, 7th October, at Noon for Town and Country.

A NEW GOLDFIELD, of "phenomenal richness"—proved by Government Reports, Statistics and Returns to be one of the richest Goldfields yet discovered.—See Reports herewith.

IN ACTIVE OPERATION, yielding large profits—10-head Battery running full time with abundant water.

Enclosures:

Government Gazette Proclamation, Peak Hill Goldfield, dated March 19th, 1897.

Report and Plan by the Departmental Engineer of the West Australian Government, to the Hon. E. H. WITTENOOM, the Minister of Mines.

Ditto to G. DARLINGTON SIMPSON, Esq.

Extracts from Report by C. ULYSSES BAGOT, Esq., J.P., Warden of the Peak Hill Goldfield, to the Hon. E. H. WITTENOOM, the Minister of Mines.

Government Surveyor's Plan of Leases.

Government Returns of Crushing.

Extracts and Notices.

PEAK HILL GOLDFIELD, LIMITED.

CAPITAL - - - - £250,000,

In 250,000 Shares of £1 each, of which 50,000 will be available for WORKING CAPITAL.

Issue of 230,000 Shares, of which 92,000 are taken in part payment for the properties, and the balance, 138,000 Shares, are offered for Public Subscription at par. 90,000 of these have already been applied for.

Payment per Share, 2s. on Application, 8s. on Allotment, and 10s. one month after Allotment. Amounts paid by Applicants who receive no allotment will be returned immediately.

DIRECTORS.

A. C. BOYD, J.P. (Director, Bolckow, Vaughan & Co., Limited), The Lakes, Dukinfield, and 28, Lowndes Square, London.
H. J. HADILL (Director, Charnwood Gold Mining Company, Limited), Millfield, Cheltenham.
JAS. MCKILLOP (Jas. Nimmer & Co., Limited, Coal-masters, Glasgow), M.P., Polmont Park, Stirlingshire, and 67, Jermyn Street, W.
G. DARLINGTON SIMPSON (Chairman, Lady Forrest (Murchison) Gold Mine, Limited), Halliford-on-Thames, Middlesex, and 37, Lombard Street, E.C.
J. CAMERON SWAN, J.P. (Director, Chilian Manganese Mines, Limited), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

BANKERS.

BARCLAY & CO., LIMITED, 54 Lombard Street, London, E.C., and Branches.

BROKERS.

EGERTON JONES & SIMPSON, 2 Copthall Buildings, E.C.

SOLICITORS.

HARWOOD & STEPHENSON, 31 Lombard Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 44 Gresham Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY.

COLONEL H. FORTESCUE CHAPMAN, S.D.R.A. (Civil Engineer).

OFFICES.

37 LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.

BOARD IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.
The Hon. Sir J. G. LEE STEERE (Speaker Legislative Assembly; Local Chairman Dalgety & Co., Limited).
ALEXANDER FORREST (Member of the Legislative Assembly).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

THE PEAK HILL GOLDFIELD is situated in Western Australia, between the Murchison and Gascoyne Rivers, and a glance at a map will show that it has the great advantage of being away from the Salt Lake districts. It was discovered about four years ago by some working miners who, with others, have since located twenty-four claims, and have produced extraordinary results by their own individual efforts, and without any outside capital.

These properties have justly acquired the name locally of the "Golden Patch," and their great richness determined the W.A. Government to issue the Proclamation declaring the Peak Hill district a separate Goldfield, and to appoint a Resident Warden.

This Company has been formed to acquire, as a going concern, these twenty-four adjoining Mining Properties, as set out below, containing about 157 acres, and also the new 10-head Battery, Plant, Machinery, Buildings, Tools, &c., and about 5,000 tons of rich tailings estimated to realise about £40,000.

An auriferous alluvial crust overlays a portion of the surface for "an area of about 20 acres, having an average thickness of 4 feet"; on the basis of the Government Engineer's Report and the statistics of the yield from the quantity of this surface material, which has been crushed, the unworked portion thereof alone represents, entirely apart from the rich ores and kaolins proved to be underlying the surface, considerably over £10,000.

The new 10-head Battery, which is included in the purchase, and is now running full time, should produce at the rate of £100,000 a year profit from the date the properties are taken over and worked by this Company. Provision is being made for the erection of a further 30 head battery, together with suitable plant for treating the rich kaolins, as recommended by the Government Engineer. These additional 30-head should be running within eight months of the final orders being given to the makers, and the profits increased accordingly.

£30,000 of the Working Capital is guaranteed under the present issue, and having regard to the fact that the property is already equipped with a complete 10-head battery producing large returns, the Directors are satisfied that the above sum will be amply sufficient for all present purposes and for increasing the battery to 40-head. The Vendor has, however, stipulated for the option to provide, within the first year, a further £20,000 Working Capital, by subscribing for the 20,000 Shares reserved for this purpose.

Assuming as may appear some of the particulars set forth in this Prospectus, the Directors feel that to do justice to the properties they must draw the attention of intending Shareholders to the enclosed Official Reports and Statistics.

The Directors take it as collateral evidence of the soundness of the business, that two gentlemen—one the Speaker of the Legislative Assembly, the other brother to the Premier of Western Australia—have, after investigating the business with the Chief Engineer of the Government, identified themselves with the Company.

After considerable trouble and making three separate visits to Peak Hill this year, Mr. Darlington Simpson succeeded in securing these valuable properties, as set out below, and has made over his entire interest therein to the Company and takes a portion of the paid-up Shares in recompence for his time, trouble and expense.

Mr. Darlington Simpson brought back with him from the properties a remarkably unique and very valuable collection of samples, together with 2,174 ounces of assayed gold (worth by Bank of England Assayer's certificate over £4 per ounce),

from ore raised from the mines, and milled during the times he visited the properties. Intending Shareholders may inspect these samples at 37 Lombard Street, E.C., also twenty-six photographs of the various properties acquired.

These samples are of phenomenal richness, but what is of the greatest importance, as giving a reliable and sufficient basis for estimating the results of future operations, is the Government Returns of the actual crushings. One-half the average of the production shown by these Returns will yield enormous profits; and it is anticipated that with a new 30-head battery the returns should be proportionately increased.

List of the "Peak Hill Goldfield" Properties Included in the Contract of Purchase by the Company,

In which are comprised all the Mining Leases referred to in the Government Engineer's Reports.

1. REWARD CLAIM.
2. PEAK HILL VICTORY.
3. GOLDEN CHIMES.
4. PACIFIC.
5. LONG TUNNEL EXTENDED.
6. PEAK HILL.
7. WEST PEAK HILL.
8. EAST PEAK HILL.
9. POLAR STAR.
10. NORTH STAR.
11. ATLANTIC.
12. DAISY BELL.
13. KEY OF PEAK HILL.
14. EVENING STAR.
15. DOMINION.
16. PRIDE OF PEAK HILL.
17. BOBBY DAZZLER.
18. INDEPENDENT.
19. MARGARETTING.
20. GRAND DUCHESS.
21. MARGARETTING SOUTH.
22. NO. 1 NORTH.
23. ATLANTIC NORTH.
24. COMMERCIAL.

24 Adjoining Mining Leases, containing 157 Acres or thereabouts.

No application for shares will be entertained under the above announcement unless and until the applicant shall have received the full and complete prospectus of the Company, which will be forwarded on application to

Colonel FORTESCUE CHAPMAN, S.D.R.A. (Civil Engineer), Secretary, Peak Hill Goldfield, Limited, 37 Lombard Street, E.C.,

At which address the samples from the property may be inspected.

The Subscription List will open on MONDAY, 4 October, 1897, and close on or before WEDNESDAY, 6 October, for Town, and THURSDAY, 7 October, for the Country.

THE DEE ESTATES LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.

SHARE CAPITAL - £425,000

Divided into 175,000 Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each, and 250,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each.

Payable—5s. on Application; 5s. on Allotment; and the balance on 11 November, 1897.

100,000 of the Ordinary Shares will be set apart to provide Working Capital.

DEBENTURES.

Issue of £175,000 Four per cent. First Debentures, redeemable after 1 October, 1902, at the option of the Directors at 105 per cent., on their giving Six Months' notice of their intention to do so.

The Debentures will be secured by a Trust Deed constituting a first specific charge by way of mortgage upon all the real property of the Company, and a first floating charge upon the undertaking and all the other assets, present and future, of the Company, including uncalled Capital for the time being (if any). The interest will accrue on the amounts as paid up, and be payable half-yearly on the 1st day of April and the 1st day of October. The first payment of interest upon the amount paid up will be made on the 1st April, 1898.

Issue Payable—£25 on Application; £25 on Allotment; and the balance on 4 November, 1897.

TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

Sir CLARENCE SMITH, Kt., J.P., 4, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. (Director Ocean Accident and Guarantee Corporation, Limited).
WILLIAM WRIGHT, J.P., Wollaton, Nottingham.

SOLICITORS FOR TRUSTEES FOR DEBENTURE HOLDERS.

T. & A. PRIESTMAN, Temple Buildings, Hull.

DIRECTORS.

The Right Hon. THE EARL OF MARCH, Chairman.
Sir WILLIAM H. BAILEY, Sale Hall, Cheshire (Managing Director Sir W. H. Bailey, Hydraulic Engineers, Limited, Manchester).
PERCIVAL FOWLER, M.Inst.C.E., F.G.S., Westminster, London.
WM. NOOTON, Langham Hall, Colchester (Director Law Fire Insurance Society).
GEO. H. SKELSEY, Oxton, Cheshire.
MARSHALL STEVENS (Managing Director Trafford Park Estates, Manchester).

SOLICITORS FOR THE COMPANY.

ASHWELL & TUTIN, London and Nottingham.

BANKERS.

LLOYDS BANK, Ltd., 222, Strand, London, W.C.; Chester & other Branches, and their Agents.

THE MANCHESTER & LIVERPOOL DISTRICT BANKING CO., Limited, Manchester.

THE YORK CITY & COUNTY BANKING CO., Ltd., York.

THE BRADFORD OLD BANK, Ltd., Bradford,

AND THEIR BRANCHES.

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Manchester: STAVEACRE & WALTON, 17, 18, & 19, Haworth's Buildings; and Stock Exchange.

Dublin: HENDERSON, INGLIS, & SMITH, 38, Dame Street.

Glasgow: JOHN DYKES, Jun., 92, St. Vincent Street.

Sheffield: F. E. & S. SMITH, 1, George Street.

AUDITORS.

MELLORS, BASDEN & CO., 35, St. Swithin's Lane, London, E.C., and Nottingham.

SECRETARY (pro tem.) AND REGISTERED OFFICE.

ALBERT HENRY BELLINGHAM, Bank Buildings, Chester.

PROSPECTUS.

THIS Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring and developing the DEE ESTATES, comprising upwards of 3,000 acres of cultivated land situated between the City of Chester and Queen's Ferry; more than 1,200 acres of marsh land having a frontage to the River Dee and the Estuary; and Reclamation Rights over the Estuary of the Dee and Mo-tyr Marshes, an area estimated at about 19,000 acres, excepting so much as constitutes the bed and banks of the river vested in the Dee Conservancy Board; as well as the Shipbuilding Yard, Stone Quarries, and Rocks at Connah's Quay and the Mostyn Docks.

The Estates are bordered on the north by the Wirral Peninsula, a favourite residential district, the popularity of which has greatly increased since the opening of the Mersey Tunnel Railway enabling almost any part of the Peninsula to be reached from Liverpool within half-an-hour. The Tunnel was opened in 1886, since which the population of West Kirby and Hoylake has increased to a remarkable extent, and both places have developed so rapidly that the population has increased many times over.

It will be seen by reference to the accompanying plan that the Estates are

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MR. T. FISHER UNWIN'S SELECTED AUTUMN ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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THE PRINTERS of BASLE in the XVth and XVIth CENTURIES: their Biographies, Printed Books, and Devices. By CHARLES WILLIAM HECKETHORN, Author of "Secret Societies" &c. Illustrated, buckram, gilt, 21s. net.

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NOTE.—The Fine Edition consists of an ordinary copy in superior binding, such copy containing an Original Drawing by Keene; also a duplicate set of Pulls of the Pictures on India paper (in Portfolio).

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